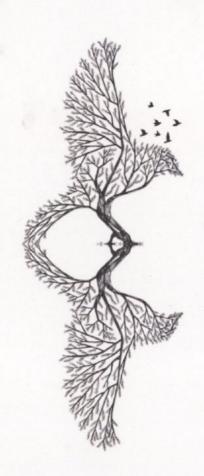
The Red Jacket

A historical narrative documenting the roots of the Radzyner & Raber families

Vera Ejlenberg-Raber



There are two gifts parents give their children: one is roots, the other is wings.

BACK TO THE ROOTS

Raszewski, Radzyner, Raber, Ejlenberg family trip August 27th 2019 - Łódź, Poland

We decided to publish this book on the occasion of the 75th Commemoration of the liquidation of the Ghetto Łódź, August 27, 2019. With great pride, we present our family history to our grandchildren, Yasmin, Max, Zoe, Ava, and Lev on that day in Łódź. In a separate publication, Mark has written his family story, in a book called "The Blue Sky."

The publications by Mark and myself connect and reconnect the Ejlenberg/Eilenberg, Raszewski, and Raber/Radzyner families. These histories provide a basis to pay tribute to our collective rich family past and to honor their legacy.

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Acknowledgments

When I started writing, I was amazed at how little I knew about the lives of my parents. Why didn't I ask much more while they were alive? There is far more I would like to know now.

I reached out to family and friends to give me more information. They all helped me a lot and told me everything they knew. There are a few people I would like to mention individually to thank them for opening up to me and allowing me to tap their memories, helping me to reconstruct this story. I'm also very grateful to my husband Mark for helping me to unravel all the family relations and creating all the beautiful photo collages in this book.



Cilly Schupper met my mother in the Vught Concentration Camp in 1944. They were together during all the horrors of the concentration camps, the liberation and their recovery in Sweden. After the war, they remained friends for life. She is an incredible person, whom I love and respect tremendously. Currently, she lives

in Beth Juliana in Herzliya and told me for the first time all she remembered of their incredible hardship in the concentration camps during the war. I came to her with a box full of my mothers' old photographs, and she patiently went through each one of them to give me the names and the stories behind it.



Sander Ejlenberg, our son, has been our "in-house" designer from an early age. He has been the mastermind behind all our New Year greetings, logos and party invitations. He designed the invitation, t-shirts and party favors for Salla's 70th birthday when he was only 14 years old! He offered to make the template, designed the beautiful logo and the cover of this book. He has made us very proud.



Leny Radziner, the wife of my mothers' brother Alex Radziner, knew my mother from the day she was born and loved and admired her a lot. When I sent her the first draft of my story, she encouraged me and immediately promised to help and assist in any way she could. Leny is such a warm, caring, and loving person. She has an incredible memory and always remained in close contact with our family, despite the physical distance between us.



Marion Raber met my mother after the war when they both married into the Raber family. They were not only sistersin-law but best friends too. We spoke a lot about the old days, the mutual trust and friendship, and how much we did together as family. We looked at old photographs and reminisced about how we celebrated the Jewish holidays together as a family

and how important the family ties are for both of us. I have an extraordinary relationship with Marion; we think alike on many topics. I highly respect her and love her dearly.



Last but definitely not least, **Yasmin Lobatto**, our amazing 13 year old granddaughter. She offered to proofread my manuscript and took it very seriously. By reading through her corrections, I realized that although I think I am reasonably fluent in English, my grammar is not up to standard. I'm thankful for her excellent education and that she has

taken the time to go through it all. Yasmin was admitted to Lane Tech Prep College, a school of champions is how they advertise themselves, and Yaz is for sure a champion! Mark and I are grateful that she is allowed to express and challenge herself in so many levels at this school and we are sure she will excel. We are very proud of her!

For my mother

Salla Radziner was my mother and a remarkable woman. This year, 2019, is exceptional as she was born exactly one hundred years ago!

All who knew her had something unique to say about how she influenced their lives positively. I wanted all my grandchildren and the following generations to know who she was and how she inspired other people. To tell them how she rebuilt her life after everything was lost and how she overcame difficulties on her path by being energetic and goal-driven. I believe it is essential to know where you come from, to be proud of your heritage and to learn lessons from history.

Like so many other survivors, my mother never wanted to talk about her experiences during the war. I asked her many times, all she told me were a few (happy) stories.

The one that stood out the most was that she was looking through a mountain of old clothes in the concentration camp Reichenbach, and found a beautiful red jacket. When she put this jacket on, suddenly all the sorrow and pain fell away, and for a brief moment, she felt normal again. Cilly Schupper, her friend, also remembered this moment and wrote about it in the Liber Amicorum we prepared for my mothers' 70th birthday. When she saw Salla in this beautiful red jacket, it was to her as an apparition from another world. This specific red color was etched in her mind, and she has been looking for it ever since.



1988 Vera and Salla

The title "The Red Jacket" seemed like the right choice, to emphasize Salla's optimism and positivity and her strong will to live.

Naomi, our daughter, was very interested in the Second World War while she was growing up and tried to speak many times to her grandmother. However, it was probably too painful and too complicated, and Salla could never tell her what happened during those dreadful years. Only now, 30 years after Salla has passed away, have I been able to write down and reconstruct a part of her story! Naomi has been very supportive and

interested during the whole process of writing this book and has given me valuable feedback.

When Mark and I, embarked on this ambitious project to write down our family histories, we realized that both our mothers gave us this optimistic look on life. Mark chose as a title for his historical narrative "The Blue Sky." Because when he asked his mother what was the first thing she saw when she got out of the train in Auschwitz, she said: "the blue sky." We decided to present the books to our children on the occasion of the 75th Commemoration of the liquidation of Ghetto Łódź

on August 27, 2019, in Łódź.

We both consider ourselves extremely lucky that our mothers had strong characters. They were able to raise us in a positive, loving and constructive way, without burdening us with war traumas.

It is my pleasure to pass on Salla's legacy on her 100th anniversary to her great-grandchildren: Yasmin, Zoe, Max, Ava, Lev, Yair, and Sarai. I dedicate this book to them and present them herewith with their roots. I hope that each one of them, in time, will find their wings to fly out of the nest and build a strong and happy future.

Salla's grandchildren and great-grandchildren



Sander & Sasha Ejlenberg Goldsztein with their children Max, Ava and Lev



Daniel & Naomi Lobatto Ejlenberg with their children Yasmin and Zoe



Ofir & Yaela Betsalel Raber with their children Yair and Sarai



Aryeh Raber and his partner Gabbi Bengtsson

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Sander & Sasha Ejlenberg Goldsztein with their children Max, Ava and Lev



Daniel & Naomi Lobatto Ejlenberg with their children Yasmin and Zoe



Ofir & Yaela Betsalel Raber with their children Yair and Sarai



Aryeh Raber and his partner Gabbi Bengtsson





Max Raber b: 17 Dec 1920 bp: Karlsruhe, Germany d: 19 Dec 2007 dp: Tel Aviv, Israel m: 6 Jun 1950 mp: Jacob Obrecht Synagogue Amsterdam

Vera Yvonne Raber

b: 12 Sep 1951

Szajndla Mirla (Salla) Radziner b: 4 Jul 1919 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 7 Aug 1989 dp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands m: 19 Dec 1971 mp: Jacob Obrecht Synagogue, Amsterdam Marek Isi Ejlenberg b: 25 May 1947 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

Sander Daniel Eilenberg b: 8 Aug 1975 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands m: 7 Sep 2008 mp: Portugese Synagogue, Amsterdam

Sasha Goldsztein b: 3 Nov 1978 bp: Brussels, Belgium

> Max Samuel Ejlenberg b: 20 Nov 2010 bp: Amsterdam, Nederland

Ava Rose Eilenberg b: 10 Nov 2015 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

Lev Asher (Avraham) Eilenberg b: 15 Mar 2017 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

Naomi Rosalie Ejlenberg b: 18 Nov 1977 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands m: 10 Sep 2000 mp: Portugese Synagogue, Amsterdam **Daniel Ilya Lobatto**

b: 15 Mar 1973 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

> Yasmin Noa Lobatto b: 4 Oct 2005 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

Zoe Dafna Lobatto b: 8 Dec 2010

Jerry Raber b: 6 Apr 1954 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands Mimjo de Jong bp: Alkmaar, Netherlands

Jerry Raber b: 6 Apr 1954 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands m: 14 Jun 1981 mp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

Sanny Fortuin b: 1956 bp: Alkmaar, Netherlands

> Yaela Betsalel b: 28 Jan 1984 m: 27 Aug 2006 mp: Amsterdam, Netherlands Ofir Betsalel b: 25 May 1983 bp: Rehovot, Israel

> > Yair Noam Betsalel b: 5 Oct 2008 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

> > Sarai Eden Betsalel b: 22 Nov 2010 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands

Jerry Raber b: 6 Apr 1954 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands m: abt Jan 1989 Joan Lopies b: 1956

> Aryeh Shai Raber b: 25 Sep 1989 bp: Amsterdam, Netherlands



mp: Lodz Poland

Family Tree Max Raber and Salla Radziner



Prologue

Salla was born in Łódź, Poland on July 4, 1919.

The name given to her was Szajndla Mirla Radzyner, after her grandmother. When she was only one year old, her father deserted the Polish army and fled to Holland. Only when she was 18 years old did she make the bold decision to travel to Amsterdam to visit her father. In the meantime, her father had remarried Esther Hes, who came from a large Dutch Jewish family. They had a son, Alex, my mothers' half-brother, who was six years old when she came to Holland.

From her religious life in Łódź, she entered into a secular world. Izak and Esther were not religious at all.

Izak had become very active in the Yiddish theatre, An-Ski. Financially, they had a difficult time, but always had an open house, where everybody was welcome. My mother, being an only child, loved her little half-brother and in no time got very attached to him.

However, she was homesick, being away from her whole family from Łódź for the first time in her life. She needed to go back and see them again.

However, fate struck; World War II had broken out, and there was no way she could travel back to Poland. Stranded in Amsterdam, she lived together with her father, step-mother and half-brother. They believed Holland would remain neutral, as it had in World War I. In their minds, they just had to wait for this madness in Germany and Poland to be over. They must have continued to monitor the scary news of Hitlers growing

expansion with great concern. Then in May 1940, the Germans invaded Holland, and in a matter of days, Holland capitulated. Everything changed after that.

The Germans soon began segregating the Jews from the general population. They organized razzias in the streets and sent approximately 15,000 Jews to forced labor camps in 1940.

Throughout 1941 the situation for the Jews in Holland deteriorated. Jews were banned from public places, subjected to nighttime curfews and travel restrictions. The Nazis threw Jewish students out of schools and universities. In March 1942, they started confiscating Jewish property. A month later, Jews were ordered to wear a yellow Star of David containing the word "Jood." In July 1942, the Germans began rounding up Jews, sending them to camp Westerbork on their way to the extermination camps.

In March 1943 the Gestapo knocked on the door of the Radziner family. Salla managed to escape to a hiding place, but Izak, Esther, and Alex were arrested and taken to the "Hollandsche Schouwburg." Alex managed to escape with the help of an employee in his fathers' factory and found his way back home, where Salla was waiting anxiously. With the support of the underground resistance organization, they both went into hiding, separately from each other. Both their stories appear in later chapters.

Miraculously both Salla and Alex were able to survive the

war with all its hardships, misery, and sadness. When they found each other again, they had lost their parents and all their family in Holland and Poland. They must have been devastated, but somehow found the courage and the strength to start building a



1945

new life and a new future. Looking at the beautiful families, they were both able to raise; you can only admire and respect them.

My mother never complained, never talked about those horrible war years, not wanting to burden anybody with all the hardship and sadness she had to endure. She had a big heart and was devoted to her husband and children and remained resourceful, optimistic, inspiring, and full of joy and new ideas. Our house was always full of love, smiles, humor, lots of good food, and warmth. My mother was always there for me, helping, listening, advising, loving. She was my very best friend and after I got married, not a day passed by without us talking to each other.

Unfortunately, her life ended abruptly and much too early, shortly after her 70th birthday.

Herewith is her story and that of her family, as I was able to put it together.

The roots of the Radzyner family

I knew very little about the Radzyner family. My mother spoke fondly about her family in Łódź, but she never provided any background. I was curious about my mothers' family roots, and in 2002, I got in touch with a Dutch researcher in Łódź, Petje Schroder. She was instrumental in giving me an insight into the large prominent Radzyner family, who lived in Warsaw and Łódź during the 19th century. Based on her information, our initial focus was to create a family tree. A large part of the family was Chassidim, fluent in Hebrew, and some believed that the future of the Jewish people was in Palestine.

In researching the family of my grandfather, I entered a completely unknown world of the Radzyner family. As my work progressed, I started to piece together our family history bit by bit. From no information at all, the facts turned into an intricate story, and I found new family resources in different parts of the world, who became enthusiastic about participating in this process. Although I had spreadsheets of my relatives for many years, I never fully understood the immense drama that was behind the names and the facts. The number of family members perished in either Ghetto Łódź, Warsaw or Chelmno and Auschwitz is staggering. Most of them don't have a place of rest. Through this story, I would like to give tribute to my ancestors.

The first person who is known to have carried the family

name of Radzyner was Reb Itzhaq Radzyner. Reb Chaim Radzyner (the first) followed and his son was Reb David Doy Radzyner, who had a son Reb Chaim Radzyner.

Reb Chaim Radzyner (great grandfather of my mother) was born in Warsaw in 1827. He married Rywka Kossover. They had seven children: Yitzhak Gavriel, Ruchla, Nethanel Nesanel, Nathan Nusen Fiszel (grandfather of my mother), Faiga, David Ber Dov and Malka Zirel. The Radzyner family was very respected in Warsaw and were close to the Hasidic movement. Reb Chaim was a prominent member of the Kosnitz Hasidim, direct descendants of the Baal Shem Tov.

He made his fortune in the scrap and construction steel business. In 1873, being a very wealthy man, he immigrated to Safed, Palestine with his wife, Rywka. He left his flourishing business to two sons, who remained in Poland, under the condition that year after year he would receive one-third of the profits. From his arrival he devoted his energy to acts of charity and kindness, serving the community. He established a Talmud Torah, and he offered the poor to live in his properties and selected candidates by organizing an annual lottery.

His children and their families remained in Poland. Only his oldest son Yitzhak Gavriel would follow him in 1904, together with two of his sons; Yaacov Leib and Elimelech.



Lottery, where poor people were able to win housing. It is in the name of Reb Chaim, signed by his son Yitshak Gavriel

Children of Reb Chaim Radzyner

Yitzhak Gavriel married Gittle Chaja Szac, they had nine children. He followed his father to Palestine together with two of his sons; Yaakov Leib and Elimelech.



1900 Yitzhak Gavriel

The remaining children of Reb Chaim and their families remained in Poland, many of them perished either in ghetto Łódź or in the death camps.

Ruchla married Yechezkiel Halewy Fastag. They had five children, all of whom most probably died in the ghetto Warsaw.

Netanel Nesanel married Sura Dwojra Hendlisz. They had six children, only their son Majlech survived.



Nathan Nusen Fiszel

Nathan Nusen Fiszel married Szajndla Mirla Kruch and had nine children. After his wife passed away he remarried Ruchla Albertsztajn and had five more children. None of them survived, only two of his great grandchildren: my mother and her half brother Alex survived.

Malka Zirel married Yeshaya Vishinsky. They had two children, Fridi and Schlomo.

Fajga married Szaja Gozovsky. They had seven children, most of them died in Ghetto Lodz or were gassed in Chelmno.

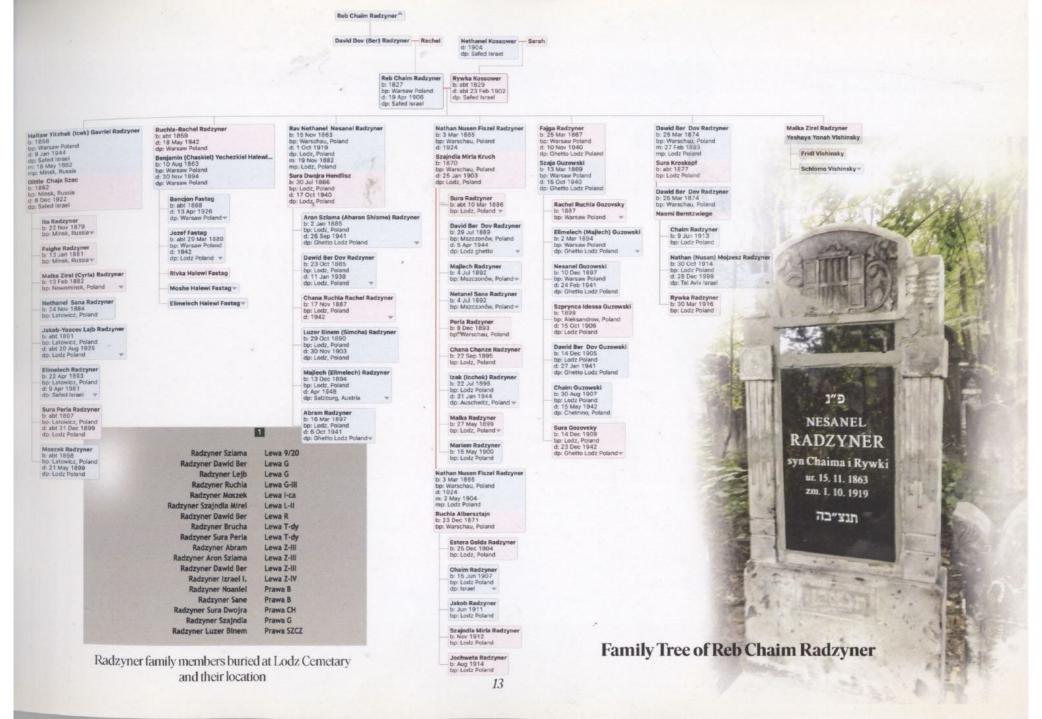


David Ber Dov Radzyner

David Ber Dov married Naomi Berntzwiege. They had three children, of which only one son Nathan Moshe survived. His brother and sister Chaim and Rywka perished in Chelmno. After the war Nathan Moshe moved to Palestine, together with his wife Bracha, where their son David Shraga and their daughter Naomi were born.









Move to Safed, Palestine

Reb Chaim and Rywka settled in Safed, helping its poor by establishing a Hekdesh (property set aside for charitable purposes). He used his wealth also to renovate the grave of the Tanna Rabbi Shimon Bar Yohai ("Rashbi") and tiled the floor of the tomb Rabbi El'azar ben Rabbi Shimon on Mount Meron. During his life, Rabbi Chaim Radzyner was a follower and admirer of the Rebbe of Piaseczno, Rabbi Klonimus Kalman Shapira.

When he died in 1906, in the 80th year of his life, they buried him near the grave of Rabbi Isaac Luria; the "Ari," one of the greatest kabbalistic scholars. He was the founder of the Israeli branch of the Radzyner family.

Yitzhak Gavriel Radzyner (son of Reb Chaim) followed in the footsteps of Reb Chaim and moved to Safed in 1904, together with two of their children; Yaakov Leib and Elimelech. He continued with the charitable work of his father.

Yaacov Lajb Radzyner (grandson of Reb Chaim) got married in Safed to Fruma Shapira, and they had three children. Fruma left Israel with their youngest daughter Miriam, just after she was born, to stay with her brother in Brazil. Yaakov Leib returned to Poland with his other two children, where he died at the young age of 34 in 1925 from wounds of a mugging that had taken place in Safed. They buried him at the Lodz cemetery. After the death

of their father, Chaja and Joseph were on their own. The family arranged for the children to join their mother in Brazil.

Chaja, who called herself Helena, married Zolmin (Salomon) Schwartzman and they had three children Bella, Simon, and Jacques. The whole family still lives in Brazil and has not been in contact with the Radzyner family. We got in touch with them while doing research, and they reacted very enthusiastically. We are delighted that representatives of the family are joining us on our trip to Łódź and are looking forward to meeting them.

Elimelech Radzyner (grandson of Reb Chaim) remained in Israel, married Mirjam Klonski and they had five children: Chaja, Rivka, Hannah, Eliezer, and Chaim Mordechai. The two sons became a colonel and a general in the Israeli army, respectively. Under Ben Gurion, Israel's first head of government, both assumed the Hebrew name Erez, which means cedar tree, and thus broke with their European origins. Elimelech's' daughter, Chaja, was very close to my mother. She had two children, Rivka and Gabriel.



Grave of Yitzhak Gavriel Radzyner at the old Safed cemetery



Rywka Kossower* b: abt 1829 d: abt 23 Feb 1902

HaRaw Yitzhak (Icek) Gavriel Radzyner haRaw Yitzhak (Ici b: 1858 bp: Warsaw Poland d: 9 Jan 1944 dp: Safed Israel m: 18 May 1882 mp: Minsk, Russia

Gittle Chaja Szac b: 1862 bp: Minsk, Russia d: 8 Dec 1922 dp: Safed Israel

Ita Radzyner b: 22 Nov 1879 bp: Minsk, Russia Abram Shatz

Faighe Radzyner b: 13 Jan 1881 bp: Minsk, Russia m: 17 Nov 1897 mp: Minsk, Russia Shalom Shatz Hersz Hiler Kohn b: 1879

bp: Wieruszow, Poland

Chaim Kohn b: 1907 bp: Wieruszow, Poland

Nethanel Kohn

Sarah Kohn

Malka Zirel (Cyrla) Radzyner b: 13 Feb 1882 Nethanel Sana Radzyner b: 24 Nov 1884 bp: Nowominsk, Poland m: 12 Jun 1906 bp: Latowicz, Poland mp: Lodz Poland

Szymon Chaim Neufeld Najfeld

bp: Lodz Poland

Josef Lajb b: 21 Feb 1911 bp: Lodz Poland

d: 16 Jul 1911

dp: Lodz Poland

b: 1913

Alta Neufeld Najfeld

bp: Wieruszow, Poland

bp: Wieruszow, Poland

Gershon Dawid Neufeld Najfeld b: 14 Mar 1918

Jakob-Yaacov Lajb Radzyner b: abt 1891

bp: Latowicz, Poland d: abt 20 Aug 1925 dp: Lodz Poland Fruma (Firmina) Shapira bp: Lodz Poland

dp: Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil Helena (Chaja) Radzyner b: abt Sep 1914 bp: Safed Israel d: 1997

dp: Bello Horizonte, Brazil Salomon (Zolmin) Schwartzman

b: 1908 bp: Edinet, Romania d: 1988 dp: Bello Horizonte, Brazil

> Bella Schwartzman b: 5 Aug 1936 bp: Belo Horizonte, Brazil d: 10 Jul 1977 dp: Belo Horizonte, Brazil+

Simon Schwartzman b: 3 Jul 1939

Jacques Schwarzman b: 1945 bp: Belo Horizonte, Brazil+

Miriam (Maria) Radzyner bp: Safed Israel m: 1944

Zumala Bonoso

Ana Maria Bonoso b: 1945 d: 2017

Joseph (Yussef) Radzyner bp: Safed Israel d: 1930 dp: Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil

Elimelech Radzyner b: 22 Apr 1893 bp: Latowicz, Poland d: 9 Apr 1981

dp: Safed Israel Mirjam Klonski bp: Hebron Palestine d: 29 Jun 1992

dp: Tel Aviv-Yafo, Tel Aviv District, Israel

Chaja Radzyner b: 14 Oct 1914 bp: Hebron Palesting d: 6 May 2009 dp: Tel Aviv Israel Schneor Zalman Barbasch d: 22 Feb 1983 dp: Tel Aviv, Israel

> Rivka Sarah Barbasch b: 15 Aug 1943 bp: Tel Aviv, Israel

Jitschak Gavriel Barbasch b: 13 Sep 1949

Rivka Radzyner b: 1 Jan 1918 d: 14 Oct 2012 Yeshayau Livni b: 1918 bp: Poland

> Eti Livni Golan Livni

Havi Livni

Hannah Yehudit Radzyner b: 28 Aug 1919 bp: Hebro d: 17 Apr 2003 dp: Netanya, HaSharon, Center District, Israel Moshe Taub d: 21 Oct 2003 dp: Netanya, Israel

> Avraham Yehudah Taub b: 1 Jun 1948 bp: TEL AVIV, ISRAEL d: 15 Sep 1995 dp: ISRAEL

Eliezer (Levi) Erez- Radzyner b: 23 Sep 1920 d: 17 Dec 2010 dp: Tel Aviv, Israel

Tamar Yarkoni

Ruti Erez Radzyner Edna Erez Radzyner

Chaim Mordechai Erez (born Radziner) b: abt 1924 bp: Jerusalem, Jerusalem District, Israel d: 1 Aug 2003 dp: Tel Aviv-Yafo, Tel Aviv District, Israel

Tamar Erez

Michal Erez (Radzyner)

Noam Erez (Radzyner)

Sura Perla Radzyner b: abt 1897 bp: Latowicz, Poland d: abt 31 Dec 1899 dp: Lodz Poland

Moszek Radzyner b: abt 1898 bp: Latowicz, Poland d: 21 May 1899 dp: Lodz Poland



Elimelech Radzyner

Family Tree Haraw Yitzhak (Icek) Gavriel Radzyner



Tombstone of Yaacov Lajb at Lodz Cemetery



1910 Yaacov Lajb with his wife Fruma and their son Joseph and daughter Chaya



1920 Joseph and Chava Radzyner who joined their mother in Brazil after Yaacov died.







Old Safed cemetery
On left top: Visit to grave of Reb Chaim on occasion of his "jahrzeit" the day after Pesach with Chaim and Belle
Fraenkel and their sons and one grandson
On left: graves of Reb Chaim Radzyner and his wife, Rywka Kossover

Who came first, Reb Chaim or Herzl?

Reb Chaim one day made a momentous oath: if he brought it to a fortune of 40,000 gold rubles, which at that time meant wealth, he would emigrate to Palestine to die there. According to Jewish belief, the Jews buried in Palestine would be the first to rise again upon the arrival of the Messiah on earth.

What Chaim didn't realize at the time was that his business would be booming and that he would reach his goal much earlier than expected. But he didn't think about dying for a long time and sought the advice from the Rabbi. However, the Rabbi told him: "if you have sworn an oath, you may not break it."

And so it happened that Reb Chaim Radzyner and his wife arrived in Safed in 1873 from Warsaw. The time was 12 years before the historic "First Aliyah," 23 years before Herzl published "der Judenstaat" (The State of the Jews), and 25 years before Herzl would visit Jerusalem.

Reb Chaim was a "zionist," before the term existed.

It is safe to assume that he arrived by boat in Yaffo, Palestine and from there traveled on donkeys to Safed. Safed at the time was a little town which had 2.500 inhabitants, 50% Jewish, 50% Muslims. The history of the city of Safed dates back more than 2,000 years. In the time of the 2nd Temple of Jerusalem, it was one of five elevated spots where fires were lit to announce the new moon.

Safed rose to fame in the 16th century as a center of Kabbalah, or Jewish mysticism.." Great rabbis lived

in Safed, such as the Jewish mystic Rabbi Isaac Luria, known as the Ha-Ari which means 'the lion.' Also, Joseph Caro, author of the Shulhan Arukh, considered by many to be the ultimate compendium of Jewish law; and Solomon Alkabetz, who wrote the Lecha Dodi prayer recited every Shabbat. They established a Hebrew printing press in Safed in 1577, and in 1584, there were 32 synagogues registered in the town.

Before the beginning of modern, national-minded Jewish immigration and the foundation of the modern Zionist movement, Reb Chaim and his son Rav Yitzhak Gavriel gave up a traditional Polish Jewish life and business and established themselves as benefactors for the Safed community.

They built a Talmud Tora, created two orphanages, and helped the poor by providing them housing and other financial support.

The contribution of Reb Chaim and his son was recognized by the Jewish Community when they passed away. They buried Reb Chaim, Rav Yitzhak Gavriel, and their spouses next to the above-mentioned renowned scholars, pillars of Jewish rabbinic scripture.



New cemetery in Safed with view on mount Tabor





Rav Nethanel Nesanel Radzyner b: 15 Nov 1863 bp: Warschau, Poland d: 1 Oct 1919 dp: Lodz, Poland m: 19 Nov 1882

Chana Ruchia Rachel Radzyner

Beniamin Chaskiel Fastag b: 12 Oct 1909 bp: Lodz, Poland

d: 10 Apr 1942 dp: Chelmno, Poland

do: Warschau, Poland

Adela Fastag b: 27 Aug 1934 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 14 May 1942

do: Warschau, Poland

Gitla Fastag b: 1 Oct 1937 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 14 May 1942 dp: Warsaw Poland

Ruta Cecylia

b: 3 Aug 1909 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 14 May 1942

mp: Lodz, Poland

Jozef Yechezkel Fastag

b: obt 29 Mar 1889

bp: Warschau, Poland

b: 17 Nov 1887 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1942

m: 10 Dec 1908

d: 1942

Sura Dwojra Hendlisz b: 30 Jul 1866 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 17 Oct 1940 dp: Lodz, Poland



Aron Szlams (Aharon Shlomo) Radzyner br 2 Jan 1885 bp: Lodz, Poland dr. 26 Sep 1941 dp: Onetto Lodz Poland mr. 27 Apr. 1803 mps. Lodz, Poland Htta Burger Br. 16 Apr. 1884

> Rywka Laja Radzyner b: Mar 1902 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 9 Sep 1903 dp: Lodz, Poland

Moe Moishe Nusen Radzyner b: 14 Oct 1903 bp: Lodz, Poland d: abt 1991 dp: Düsseldorf, Germany m: 14 Apr 1924 mp: Lodz, Poland Hinda Estera Kohn Mincberg

b: 18 May 1903 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 21 Feb 1945 dp: Dresden, Germany Abram Netanel "Niutek" Victor Radzyner

b: 27 Jan 1925 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1 Dec 1991

Chaim (Harry) Radzyner -tb: 28 Jul 1932 bp: Lodz, Poland

Jakob Radzyner b: 29 Dec 1904 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1942 m: 1936 mp: Lodz Poland Raca Futerman b: abt 1915 bp: Lodz Poland

Binem Radzyner b: 5 Dec 1937 bp: Lodz, Poland do: Lodz Poland

Jakob Radzyner b: 29 Dec 1904 bp: Lodz, Potand d: 1942 m: 1928 mp: Warsaw Poland Rywka Festeg b: 28 Feb 1907 bp: Warsaw Poland d: 18 Dec 1933 db: Warsaw Poland

Ejdla Ajdla Radzyner b: 28 Nov 1905 bp: Lodz, Poland

Frajdla Rajzla Radzyner b: 31 Jan 1907 bp: Lodz, Poland

Mariem Miriam Radzyner b: 15 May 1908 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1942 mp: Lodz, Poland Boruch Malin b: abt 1899

> Aleksander Malin b: 11 Jul 1937 bp: Lodz, Poland

Michael Mulek Chaim Machel Moch Ra... b: 9 Sep 1909 bp: Lodz, Poland Dawid Ber Dov Radzyner b: 23 Get 1485 bo: Lodz, Poland d: 11 Jan 1936 do; Lodz, Poland m: 2-25 poland, Poland Ruchia-Rachel Albersztajn bo: Siemo d: 1945 Get Get Get Get do: Lodz Ghetto

> Chaim Radzyner b: 5 Sep 1908 bp: Radom, Poland d: 1942 dp: Ghetto Lodz Poland

Elka Radzyner b: 18 Feb 1910 d: 1945 dp: Ghetto Lodz Poland

Adelja Radzyner b: 26 Oct 1912 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 15 Sep 1942 dp: Ghetto Lodz Poland

Rena Rebeka Radzyner b: 8 Dec 1925 bs: Lodz, Poland d: 2012 ds: Tel Aviv Israel

dg: Tel Aviv Israel

Benns Winer
bb: 8 alon 1940
bb: Radom, Poland
dr 2000
dt 18 May 1942
dd: Tel Aviv Israel

Yerachmil Moszek Fastag b: abt 1911 b: Lodz, Poland d: 1942 dp: Ghetto Lodz Poland m: 26 Jul 1938

Chana Majta Herc b: abt 1918 bp: Klodawa, Poland d: 1942 dp: Ghetto Lodz Poland

Icchok Eliezer Radzyner b: 17 May 1940 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1942 dp: Chelmno, Poland

Symcha Binem Fastag b: 11 Sep 1912 bp: Lodz Poland d: 1942 dp: Lodz Poland

idel Fastag d: 1942 dp: Chelmno, Poland Nesanel Fastag

d: 1942 dp: Chelmno, Poland Shlomo Fastag d: 1942 dp: Chelmno, Poland Luzer Binem (Simcha) Radzyner b: 29 Oct 1890 bp. Lodz, Poland d: 30 Nov 1903 dp. Lodz, Poland



dp: Lodz Polend
Ya'akov David Kube R
b: 17 Mar 1917
pp: Lodz, Poland
d: 2007
dp: Safed, fisrael

bp: Lodz, Poland d: 2007 dp: Safed, Israel Lala Cyla Tusk b: 12 Jan 1922 bp: Lodz Poland d: 2010 dp: Safed, Israel

Majlech (Elimelech) Radzyner b: 13 Dec 1894 bp: Lodz, Poland d: Apr 1948

Jutka (Ita) Rajzla Szaulewicz b: 22 Jun 1895 bp: Lodz, Poland

Chaim Hersz Radzyner

b: 8 Jun 1915 bp: Lodz Polend (Baluty)

op: Ghetto Lodz Poland

d: 25 Oct 1916

dp: Safed, Israel m: 17 Sep 1914 mp: Lodz Poland

Mark Radzyner
b. 2 rec 1951
bp: Satzbarg

Alexander Radzyner
b: 1955
bp: Satzbarg

Chaskiel Yehezkiel Radzyn

Chaskiel Yehezkiel Radzyner b: abt 20 Dec 1918 bp: Lodz, Poland dp: Safed, Israel Lily

Elimelech Mark Radzyner + Liba Kaza Radzyner b: 14 Nov 1920 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1944

Rywka Radzyner b: 10 Jan 1926 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1944

Adela (Ajdia) Radzyne b: 15 Jan 1930 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1944 Abram Radzyner b: 16 Mar 1897 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 6 Oct 1941 dp: Ghetto Lodz Poland m: abt 1922 mp: Warsaw Poland

mp: Warsaw Poland Bajia (Belile) Vishinski Wyszynska b: 10 Sep. 1900 bp: Warsaw Poland d: 8 Sep. 1944 dp: Auschwitz, Poland

> Netanel Nesanel Radzyner b. 29 Jun 1923 bg: (Jodz, Poland d: 12 Jun 2013 dg: Bine Berak Rachel Weiss b; 1529 bg: Bratislare d: 21 Sep 2009

Bella Itta (Belle) Radzyner b: 1957

Elishewa Chana Radzyner b. 1964 *

Pnins Dwora Radzyner

Rywka Bracha Vishinski Wyzsyns b: 10 Jan 1926

bp: Lodz, Poland d: 5 Sep 1944 Jozef Chaim Dawld Radzyner b: 9 Apr 1929

Jozef Chalm Dawid Radzyner b: 9 Apr 1929 bp: Lodz, Poland d: 1944 dp: Auschwitz, Poland











Nethanel Nesanel Radzyner branch

Nethanel Nesanel, son of Reb Chaim, grew up in Warsaw and continued his fathers' steel business. He moved his business to Lodz, where an enormous construction boom had set in, and there was a great demand for structural steel. The most significant Jewish entrepreneur in Lodz at that time was Izrael Kalman Poznanski. He owned a vast textile empire with over 2000 employees, but also enjoyed high prestige for his spectacular social activities. Under the pretext of building another factory, he bought a large piece of land, which he then donated to the Jewish community to establish a Jewish cemetery. The city of Lodz had refused to provide the Jews with land for a cemetery. The Jewish cemetery in Łódź is one of the largest in Europe with over 180.000 graves. Nethanel Nesanel passed away in Łódź in 1919, and his tomb is at the Łódź cemetery. He had six children; of which only his son Majlech survived the war. Two of his grandsons, Moe (son of Aharon Szlama) and Netanel (son of Abram), also survived the war and established new families.

Abram Radzyner died in the ghetto in Łódź in 1941 and was buried at the Łódź cemetery. In 1944, when they liquidated the Łódź ghetto, his son Netanel was put on a transport to Auschwitz. He survived the horrors and after the war settled in Salzburg. In 1953 he came on Aliyah to Israel, married to Rachel Weiss and had three daughters, Bella, Elisheva, and Pnina. Netanel came to our wedding in Amsterdam in 1971. Netanel passed away in 2013 and is

survived by his children, many grandchildren, and greatgrandchildren. Bella married Rav Chaim Fraenkel, who is a Rosh Yeshivah in Bnei Barak. Their son Eli Mozes guards over 150 original letters, many books and very precious pictures of our family before the war.

Majlech Radzyner and family lived in Łódź and were in the metal business. Like many family members, they were forced to move to the ghetto. They remained there till its liquidation at the end of August 1944. His two sons Kuba and Chaskel had plans to flee to Romania but decided to stay with their family. The Nazis deported the whole family to Auschwitz and separated the women from the men. They murdered his wife Rosa, and their daughter Rivka immediately and transferred daughter Adela to Dresden. There she died of starvation a short time before the liberation of Dresden. Majlech and his two sons, Kuba and Chaskel, pretended to be locksmiths, which made them valuable to the Germans. From Auschwitz. the Nazis transported them to Groß-Ros and Friedland concentration camp. The Soviets liberated them on May 8, 1945.

Chaskiel Radzyner went to a displaced person camp and later moved to Salzburg. He married Lily Caroli and emigrated to the U.S., where they had one son Mark.

Kuba Radzyner went back to Łódź with his father, to search for their family. Sadly no one had survived. Kuba met his wife Cyla (Lala) Tusk in Łódź. Kuba and Lala settled eventually in Salzburg. They have two sons Mark and Alexander.



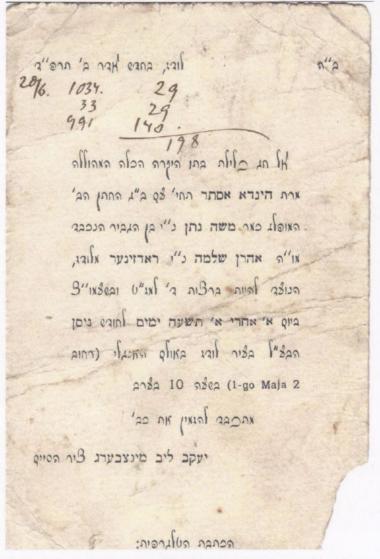
1950 Chupah Chaskiel and Lily In the back the man on the left I don't know, next to him Rena, Lala, Kuba, Majlech, Ella and Nesanel



Chupah Kuba Radzyner and Lala Tusk around 1950. From left to right Chaskiel, Moe, Lala, Kuba, Rena Nesanel, Ella and Harry

Moe (or Moishe) Radzyner (grandson of Nethanel) married Hinda Mincberg in Lodz in 1924. Hinda's father, Leib Mincberg, was head of the Łódź Kehila, Polish Parliamentary Deputy (1922 - 1939) and leader of Agudas Yisroel, a political movement of orthodox Jewry founded in Poland in 1912. Leib was a wealthy orthodox businessman who devoted a considerable part of his time to community service. Leib and his wife Rywka fled to Vilna following the German invasion. However, his wife was murdered in Vilna, and he died in 1943 during the liquidation of the Ghetto Bialystok.

Moe had succeeded his father as a partner in M.N. Radzyner, A. Prywer & Co in Lodz, metal manufacturing company. The Germans evacuated the company and the whole family to Dresden in 1944. Moe, Hinda and their two sons, Chaim and Niutek, were sent to several concentration camps Auschwitz, Stutthof and Theresienstadt, where Hinda died just before the liberation. Moe, Chaim, and Niutek survived the atrocities. Moe and Chaim were liberated in Theresienstadt. Niutek managed to escape on the death march from Stutthof to Theresienstadt and went into hiding in Dresden.



Wedding invitation Moe Radzyner and Hinda Estera Kohn Mincberg in Łódź in 1924.

Moe's first son Chaim (Harry) Radzyner, left for New York to study and returned to Germany. He got married to Halina and opened his own business, which became very successful. Harry is very active in Zionist causes. He is one of the founders of the IDC Center; the Harry Radzyner law school in Herzliya and is on the Board since its inception in 1994. In 2019 Harry Radzyner became a Doctor h.c. On this occasion, he has published his book in which he chronicles "The Radzyners, a family history",

Moe's second son, Abraham Netanel "Niutek" Radzyner, was active in the underground communist movement in the ghetto of Łódź together with his friend David Sierakowiak. David has written a compelling diary of life in the ghetto. After the war, Niutek returned to Poland and became the youngest member of the

Polish Parliament "The Sejm," under a new identity that did not disclose that he was Jewish. By the late '40s, under the Stalin antisemitic campaign, they found out that he was Jewish, and he and his family had to flee to Vienna, where his father, Moe lived. His wife Tamar was a journalist and writer of poems and chansons in German for the famous chansonnier Georg Kreisler and his wife, Topsy Kuppers. Niutek and Tamar had two daughters; Joana and Olga. Joanna is a journalist and lives in Vienna. Her daughter Alice was born in 1987; she gave birth to granddaughter Ella Yael on October 4, 2018. Joana's younger sister Olga was tragically killed in a plane crash in Cabo Verde, Eastern Africa in 1999 together with her husband Hermann and their eight-year-old daughter Joelle.



1957 wedding Harry and Halina Radzvner in Salzburg, Austria. Alex explains: "in the centre are Harry and Halina. To Harry's left hand is his father Moe or Moishe Radzvner. Niutek is to Halinas' right hand. On the right of the photo as you look at it, Kuba Radzyner is holding me up and my brother Mark is standing in front of my father. Lala is in the background behind Moe. The second man in the left of the picture as you look at it is Michael Mulek Radzvner, Moe's brother. The elder lady in front of Mulek was known to me as Tante Julia, and I remember only that she meant a lot to Mulek.

What a memory, what a picture"!



1955 Halina, Harry, Lala, Kuba, Nesanel



2019, IDC Herzlya, Harry Radzyner receiving his Doctor H.C. Behind him his wife Halina, on his left Alexander Radzyner and on his right Vera



1966 Beethovenstraat Kuba's family visiting us on the occasion of Jerry's Barmitswah. On the left Salla and Jerry. In the middle Lala, Vera and Kuba's cousin Ella. On the right Alex, Kuba and Mark. Alex gave me this photograph and wrote: "Everyone looks so happy and at ease with each other. If I am right, I imagine that Max took the picture and said something that made us laugh out loud (except me who just smiled and pretended to be king of cool:)). What I sensed in Sala and Lala, who genuinely liked each other, was a determination to maintain a joy of life and pass it on to their children, despite of everything they had gone through. They were the two people from that generation who I remember from my childhood, who had maintained this genuine joyous attitude to life despite of everything. As the brilliant psychiatrist Viktor Frankl expressed it in the German Title of his bestseller "Man's Search for Meaning" - "Und Trotzdem Ja Zum Leben Sagen".

A decimated family reunites

Eliezer Erez Radzyner (son of Elimelech and greatgrandson of Reb Chaim), was serving in the British Army after the war and was stationed in North Italy. He traveled all over Europe to find Radzyners, who had survived. He met with Salla and Alex Radziner, Kuba Radzyner, Moe and son Chaim (Harry) Radzyner, Netanel Radzyner and Abraham Netanel (Niutek) Radzyner, and established contact between the families. Eliezer Radzyner changed his last name to Erez when he joined the Israeli army. Together with Netanel, whom he met in Salzburg, Eliezer had the vision to set up the first Radzyner family tree. In



a letter, dated December 1995, he wrote down everything he knew about the Radzyner dynasty. He distributed this letter among all the surviving Radzyners, to strengthen the relationship between the remaining families after so many had perished in World War II. His report was instrumental for this book. As Eliezer did before me, I apologize in advance for any errors or omissions. An impressive huge family was decimated!

My mother Salla Radziner treasured the family ties with the remaining Radzyners. Kuba, his wife Lala and their



two sons Mark and Alexander visited us many times in Holland and attended Jerry's Barmitswah and our wedding. Also, with the daughter of Elimelech, Chaja Barbasch Radzyner, in Tel Aviv, she developed a warm relationship. I stayed with them in Tel Aviv and remained in contact with her two children, Rivka and Gaby.

Rivka Barbasch married Moshe Patt, who established a law office. I have a good relationship with Rivka, and Moshe Patt has offered us valuable legal advice from the day we made Aliyah. Rivka and Moshe have four children, 24 grandchildren, and many great-grandchildren.

Gabriel Barbash served as CEO of the Tel Aviv Sourasky Medical Center, Ichilov Hospital, for 22 years. He was of invaluable assistance to my father during the period he was living at Beth Juliana when he had many health issues. Gaby was with me when my father passed away at the Ichilov Hospital on December 19, 2007. He supported me and showed me the way through all the procedures. I will always be grateful to him for being by my side during this tough period.

Gaby and his life partner Nurith Ehrlich have been together for many years. They each have three children and grandchildren.

1969 Jerry and Vera on a family visit at the home of Chaja and Schneor Barbasch, standing is their son Gaby Barbasch

The mystery man

He came to the Chupah of my parents in 1950 and sat as a guest of honor next to my mother at the wedding dinner. Whenever we would visit Israel as a family, my mother would always make sure to see him. His name was Ben Haim, and he was the owner of the Tirat Bat Sheva Hotel in Jerusalem, located on the King George Street. He also owned the famous cookies brand Frumin.

It was evident that my mother valued their relationship, and I always thought that we were closely related. However, when I started to research our family relationship, I couldn't find the connection. None of the Rabers, Radziners or friends of my mother knew anything about Ben Haim.

I started to do research and found out his full name: Mordechai Ben Haim Getshtein. Then it began to dawn on me; maybe he was somehow related to my great grandmother in Lodz, Itta Kohn Getstajn. Grandmother Itta, who my mother used to call "Bubbe" and whom she adored.

How exactly they were related, I have not been able to establish, but I'm sure this was their connection. Ben Haim must have been her only link to her family in Lodz, none of whom survived the Holocaust, so therefore their relationship was so precious to her.



1950 Ben Haim, Max Raber, Salla Raber, Rosa Raber, Erna Atlas, Michael Raber



Wedding dinner June II, 1950. From the left Ester Lea Schander Gerstner, Rosa Raber, Ben Haim, Salla and Max Raber, Alex Radziner, Mr. & Mrs. Moscovitch



1950 Rosa Raber, Erna Atlas, Alex Radziner, Ben Haim and the happy couple Max Raber and Salla Radziner on their wedding day

Nathan Nusen Fiszel Radzyner

Nathan Nusen Fiszel Radzyner (1865-1924), my mothers' grandfather, lived with his family in Lodz. He was a trader by profession. He was married to Szajndla Mirla Kruch. The Kruchs were a prominent religious family, stemming from Rabbi Lajb Kruch and his wife, Szajndla Mirla. Probably my mother is named after her. The family lived a religious life in Lodz on the Puludniowa 20 (in 1905 renamed Ulica Rewolucji), and together they had nine children, one of them was Izak, my grandfather. When Izak was five years old, his mother died, and a year later his father remarried Ruchla Albersztajn, with whom he had another five children. So in total Izak had 13 (half). brothers and sisters! The Nazis killed all of them and their families in ghetto Lodz or extermination camps. Also, Izak, who went to Holland in 1921, was ultimately killed in Auschwitz.

Nathan Nusen Fiszel built a large house in 1935 on the Ulica Matejki 7 in Lodz. It was a vast plot, approx. 3.000 m2. Many members of the family lived there.

Just before the war broke out, he was able to rent it out. However, after the war, when the family wanted to claim back the property, they encountered many problems. My father, together with Kuba Radzyner, made several attempts, hired Polish lawyers and wrote many letters. However, in 1970, they received an official letter of the Polish cadastre that the government had claimed the property, and that they didn't acknowledge the owners' rights.



Nathan Nusen Fiszel Radzyner corresponded regularly with his brother Yitzhak Gavriel Radzyner, who lived in Safed at the time. They communicated in classical Hebrew on a literary level. More than 150 letters between family members were kept and are in possession of Eli Mozes, direct descendant of Reb Chaim for five generations.

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1937 letter of Nathan Nusen Fishel to his brother Yitzhak Gavriel. In this letter he is requesting him to buy tickets for him and his wife to Palestine, giving all the details. However, his attempts failed, and he never managed to get to Palestine.



1926: Nathan Nusen Fishel Radzyner with his second wife Ruchla Albersztajn and a few of their children:

From the left Estera Golda with her daughter, Chaim with his wife who was the daughter of the Rebbe of Lublin, the Admor Azriel Meir Eiger and their baby daughter and Chana Chanze with her daughter Ita.

Derived from the handwriting of Nathan Nusen Fishel on the rear side of the picture

ארי ביבל מאלת רחל ואוהם בנם חיים. כלתם בת האבוני עובאן מני עוראון

אווין בת חצ חנשה כות זת למו זבתה

שלוא בתם אוסת באובן בות של היה בחבל ובתה

Izak Radzyner

The Jewish population in Poland were going through tough times at the beginning of the 20th century. When the armistice brought the First World War to an end in 1918, the massive slaughter in Eastern Europe did not stop. In Russia, there was a revolution. Poland, free again after 130 years, was engaged in the ruthless suppression of the Ukrainians, who were also fighting for independence. Further to the South, the collapse of the Habsburg Empire was followed by an explosion of hate between the Hungarians and Rumanians, with revolutionary movements leaving their own trail of blood across the land.

The large Jewish populations of all these countries felt surrounded by hostile and anti-Semitic majorities. To them, these radical changes brought only a continuation of insecurity, danger, death, and destruction. Those who could; fled to the West, to Germany, France, England, and America. Few of them thought of Holland as a refuge. A handful, perhaps, among which my grandfather, Izak Radzyner, who arrived in Holland in 1921.

Until recently, I had only one photograph of my grandfather, Izak Radzyner (1898-1944), which my mother had salvaged after the war. She told me a few stories about his passion; the Yiddish Theatre. Furthermore, I knew nothing. Only when I started to do my research, did I get to know him better and could I understand the choices he made.

Izak Radzyner married Fajga Rojza Kohn on September 3, 1918 in Łódź, and a year later their daughter Szajndla Mirla (my mother) was born. There was little time to play with his daughter and get to know her because then, he already was enlisted in the Polish army. To be a soldier in the Polish army at that time, was almost a sure death sentence, so he decided to desert from the military. Therefore he could not stay in Poland for fear of arrest. He traveled to Hamburg, and from there he tried to get into Holland and was first interned in a refugee camp in Harderwijk.

His family was very religious. Judging from his lifestyle in later years in Holland, it seems that religion was not so important to him. So as far as I can reconstruct, Izak not only fled from the Polish army but also from the religious life he was part of.



1933 Izak Radziner

On April 21, 1921, Izak Radzyner finally got official permission to stay in Holland. In all his official papers in Holland, Tarnopol is indicated as his birthplace. However, we have found his original birth certificate where it clearly states Łódź. Probably he didn't want the authorities to trace him because he was a deserter from the Polish army. He also changed his last name from Radzyner to Radziner. His address in Amsterdam was Tulpstraat 13 (2nd floor/bovenhuis).

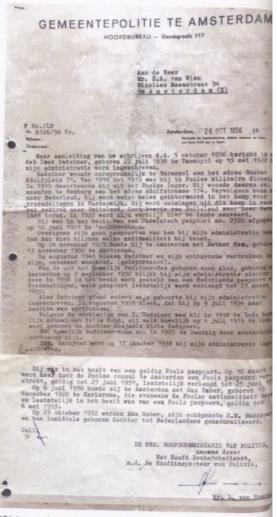
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Municipal registration card of Izak Radziner from Łódź

In 1921 there were several Polish and Lithuanian Jews who found themselves more or less stranded in Amsterdam. Izak Radziner must have felt immediately at home with this group of people. He was a socialist and had loved the vibrant Jewish cultural scene in Łódź. So, when they established an Eastern European Jewish Cultural Society; which they named after the Yiddish dramatist Shimon An-Ski, he joined them from the start. The primary objective of the cultural society was to experience the Yiddish culture: singing, reading, writing, and acting in the Yiddish language.



1936 Izak Radziner in the play "Tog und Nacht"



1956 Amsterdam police background report on Izak Radziner





1922 Izak Radziner in a play for Anski Theatre. Izak is in the last row, the fourth from the left with the large hat



JOODSCHE CULTUUR-VEREEN. "SCH. ANSKI"

De afdeeling Tooneelstudie van de Joodsche Cul-tuur-Vereeniging "Sch. Anski" gaf Zondagavond een tooneeluitvoering in den "Werkenden Stand", bij welke gelegenheid H. Leiwik's drama in 6 bedrijven "Hirsch Lekert" werd opgevoerd.

In zijn openingsrede memoreerde de voorzitter, de hoer A. Landau, dat "Sch. Anski" o.m. beoogt het steunen van Joodsche emigranten en het bevorderen van Oost-Joodsche cultuur en literatuur. De vereeniging heeft de beschikking over een flinke bibliotheek, die reeds enkele malen uitgebreid moest worden en thans weder nieuwe werken eischt. Door worden en mans weder nieuwe werken eischt. Door lezingen te organiseeren op cuituurgebied worden de leden aangenaam bezig gehouden. Men blijft steeds op neutraal terrein, en aan politiek wordt niet gedaan. De voorzitter deelde nog een en ander mede emtrent den auteur van het stuk, den dichter Leiwik, als waardig opvolger van Perez. Leiwik vierde on-lengs zijn 25-jarig schrijvers-jubileum; hij is een van de meest bekende Joodsche letterkundigen, die op jeugdigen leeftijd uit Polen naar Amerika vertrok, waar hij jaren als arbeider werkte.

wast hij jaren als arbeider werkte.
Het drama "Hirsch Lekert" werd zeer goed in het
jiddisch gespeeld door de executanten, onder regie
van den heer M. Frohman. Medewerkenden waren
de dames en heeren P. Landau, E. Katz, G. Borzykowski, M. Edelstein, I. Radziener, M. Frohman, K.
Anstadt, I. Cohn, M. Rafalowitsch, M. Straus, Nordman, M. Friedman, I. Hirschberg.
Nu vele Nederinders de vroote zaal, van den

Nu vele Nederlanders de groote zaal van den "Werkenden Stand" vulden en niet iedereen het jiddisch machtig is, werd Mevr. Chaja Sajet-Rais-mann bereid gevonden bij het begin van elk bedrijf mann bereid gevonden bij het begin van elk bedrijf een korte uiteenzetting te geven in onze taal van de verhandeling op het tooneel, van welke taak zij zich uitmuntend kweet. Uit de mededeeling van Mevr. Sajet bleek voorts, dat Leiwik wel bekend is als schrijver van "der Golem" en dat hij als dichter een goede reputatie geniet. "Hirsch Lekert" speelt in Wilna, een Poolsche stad, in den tijd, dat Von Wal gouverneur was en de bevolking terroriseerde. Aan het slot, wanneer de hooddiense voor zijn idnaal sterft, was het succes

bevoiting terroriserine. And het say, was het succes zeer groot en ook na elk bedrijf klonk krachtig applaus, als bewijs, dat men het goede spel van deze dilettanten ten zeerste waardeerde. Zonder onderscheid hebben allen medegewerkt om de voorstelling, die een meer dan gewoon succes had, te doen slagen.

article in the Jewish Newspaper NIW dated March 9, 1934 about the play of Anski "Hirsch Lekert in which among the players I. Radziener is mentioned.

Izak was brought up with Yiddish as his mother tongue. The vast majority of Eastern European Jews in those days spoke Yiddish. The use of their distinct language, history, and religion gave them a culture of their own in Poland. The adherents of Yiddish culture founded Yiddish schools, set up publishing houses for Yiddish newspapers, magazines and books, performed Yiddish theatre and cabaret and wrote Yiddish literature. For many immigrants, the Yiddish culture was a vital part of their being. It continued to guide their steps no matter where they went after leaving their place of birth. This was Izak's world, and he embraced it.

The onset of the Depression in 1929 brought a new flood of immigrants. The ranks of the Jewish Theatre An-Ski swelled, and it became quite a lively organization. The intellectual level of the membership was far above average. More often than not, emigrants do not mirror the demographic makeup of their country of origin; however, the Eastern European Jews in Holland were a gifted group. Among them were brilliant orators and keen political activists in the service of socialist or communist ideals. Many amateur writers and actors who under more favorable circumstances would undoubtedly have achieved professional standing. Traveling Jewish performers and artists from Eastern Europe always found a grateful audience in the An-Ski members. Representatives of the Polish-Jewish workers' party, the Bund and other political organizations came to speak. The theatre group gave regular performances in Yiddish. After 1933 a new wave of Jewish emigrants

left Eastern Europe for Holland. The theaters' highpoint was in the years 1933-1939.

Recently, my cousin Alexander Radzyner told me about photographs of Izak Radziner, which he had seen on the website of the Jewish Historical Museum (JHM) in Amsterdam. This was a significant lead. JHM indeed had several photographs of my grandfather performing in the An-ski Theatre. They also showed me a letter from

my mother, in which she writes about her father and \mathfrak{h} link to the An-ski Theatre.

Ariane Zwiers of the JHM was very helpful; she preparing a book on the history of the An-ski Theat Unfortunately, there is hardly any other documentation of the pre-war period. After the war, the An-ski Theat continued with many performances in different theater



1935 Anski group portrait. Izak is on the first row, second on the left

Translation of Salla's letter at the JHM in English, enhanced with comments from Leny:

"Izakwas born in Łódź on July 27, 1889. He was the son of a very religious and respected family in Lodz. Izak had a strict religious upbringing and was very knowledgeable of the learnings of the Talmud, which he used very little in later years. He (fled) left Poland in 1919. After a lot of problems with the immigration police, he received permission to stay. But his problems were far from over. There was no work, so he tried everything from a waiter in a Jewish restaurant to a nurse in a hospital, messenger, tailor, supporting actor in the National Theatre. He was particularly proud of a play in which he was allowed to participate with Esther de Boer van Rijk. a well-known actress in those days. She was known for her role of "Kniertje" in the play "Op Hoop van Zegen." He loved the Yiddish literature and theatre and read lots of books".

Izak taught himself the profession of designer and cutter.

Leny wrote to me: "Did you know that in the beginning, Izak was producing raincoats in the attic of their house? I think that the mother of Alex was also sewing there. Then Izak bought a lottery ticket. (only one part)

And he won the big one! From that money, they were able to start a factory, manufacturing raincoats, which they called "Rera".

Over time, Izak was doing financially better and could enjoy a good life, and then the war broke out. During the war, when Jews were no longer allowed to perform or attend plays in the theatre, he organized cultural evenings at his house. Among them some well-known players of those times: Franz Engel, Otto Auruch and Lise Frank. All these prominent names felt very much at home at the Tulpstraat 13. Paul Godwin also played several concerts there.

Izak's house was always open, and his generosity was well known. Someone who knocked at the door of the Radzyner house never left empty-handed!

The Nazis arrested Izak, Esther, and Alex in March 1943, whereby Alex miraculously was saved by a neighbor and was able to return home and go into hiding. But Izak and Esther were held for two weeks in the Hollandsche Schouwburg and then sent to the Concentration Camp Vught. Izak was able to set up a raincoat factory there, in camp Vught, but in 1944 he was deported to Auschwitz, where he was murdered."

trak Radigmen get be hear in 27 July 1899 June 18m har her browne on anyon we will be heard the form the hear of the form in announce of the heard that he was to be the heard son met joselly life to enemge sindholden 1921 to 4 vil lagerate softwareness of personal son for personal son the personal son to the personal son to the son of the son to the or an income plantist "Arghritation" of the state of a planting of the state of the state of the state of a particular of the state of a planting to the state of a particular of the state we became to good their of by. we define to plan to dee sole gran-year had hard worken der sole gran-ten ein kriekhe "segnikeinen flikhite in paker glack "arikyall hat Wik dang georgian foll en Campach Cerema (1939 Tel iden hij draht andalah kur k en" de durke legathing moch asse proletter van deller Gesteld alle grand alle grandsterete in besettentid Henri il de felhet il de se en besettentid fen in de felhet alle grandsteret defined the second of the seco drivate sedeforeved wair, auchion warring of elleride veg is opposition

Salla's letter on file at the JHM. It is not dated. She must have written it after the war, probably at the request of the An-ski theatre. Seeing my mothers' letter, in her handwriting, moved me a lot and also made the person Izak Radziner much more vivid.



Family tree Esther Hes, wife of Izak and mother of Alex

Ifter a couple of years, when it became clear that his wife ajga in Lodz, would not move to Holland, Izak and Faiga ot divorced. However, Izak fell in love again, this time with a Dutch woman, Esther Hes. I would love to know ow they met because the Dutch Jews and the Eastern duropean Jews did not mingle very much. The Dutch

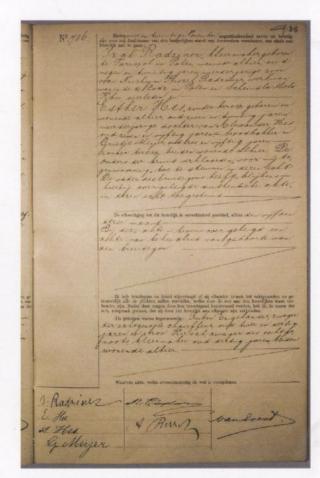
Jews were much more integrated and assimilated, unlike the Jews from Poland. They spoke the Dutch language and had adapted to the Dutch culture; most of them did not understand Yiddish. However, Izak and Esther found each other and got married on November 24, 1927. Their son Alex was born on September 2, 1932.



1935 Alex Radziner



1933 Izak Radziner with Esther Hes and their newborn son Alex



1927 marriage certificate of Izak Radziner and Esther Hes

Szajndla Mirla Radzyner

Szajndla Mirla (Salla) Radzyner was born on July 4, 1919. Her proud parents Izak Radzyner and Fajga Rojza Kohn named her after Izak's mother, Szajndla Mirla Kruch. Szajndla Mirla was a common name in the Radzyner ancestry.

Szajndla did not get the chance to get to know her father at all, as he left Poland soon after her birth. She would, therefore, remain an only child.

Izak often wrote to his wife Fajga and begged her to join

him, together with their daughter Szajndla Mirla, and build up a new life in Holland together. Many letters did go back and forth, but in the end, Fajga did not dare to make the big move, mainly because her mother Itta did not want to let her go. In stories my mother told me, her grandmother

Itta, "Bubbe," they called her, was a strong and inspiring woman and the soft-hearted Faiga could not stand up to her. My mother always told me that she lived together in the same apartment with her mother and grandmother. According to her stories, in the same housing complex also lived two uncles ("fetters") and their families. Unfortunately, I don't know their names; they all perished during the War.

There was an inside square courtyard in the middle, where Szajndla would play, and the other family members would sit and talk. On Fridays, her mother would go out in the courtyard and catch a chicken; she would turn its neck, and the chicken would continue walking for a while without a head. This made a big impression on my mother as it did on me when she told me the story!

When Szajndla was three years old, her mother Faiga, together with her parents Fischel Kohn and Itta Getstajn moved to another address in Lodz; Ulica Gegieluiana 16 (renamed to Ul. Jaracza). They remained there for

two years, and in 1934 they moved again to Ulica Trebacka 16 (renamed to Ul. Uniwersytecka).

Szajndla's grandfather, Nathan Nusen Fischel Radzyner, owned a large house on Matejki 7, where also a lot of other members of the Radzyner family lived.



Birth certificate Szajndla Mirla

Szajndla had a happy childhood; she was spoiled by the many adults in her household, being an only child. She attended the Krulowa Jadviga School, which still exists today.

When she turned 18, in 1937, Szajndla decided to visit her father and his new family in Amsterdam on the Tulpstraat 13. Life in Amsterdam was so different from what she was used to in Łódź. Izak and Esther were not religious at all, and there was her little half-brother Alex, who was born on September 2, 1932.

There was a warm and joyous atmosphere in the



1953 Salla Radziner

Radziner house, where everybody was generously welcomed. Their love of culture and music was shared with many. Izak had become a successful businessmally his raincoat factory "Rera regenkleding," was situated of the Reguliers dwarsstraat 108-114 in Amsterdam.

Szajndla loved the life in Amsterdam, but was homesical and needed to see her family in Lodz again.

She traveled back to Lodz to see her family in 1938. However, when she returned to Amsterdam for the second time, a few months later, it already had become too dangerous to go back to Poland. She did not get a chance to say goodbye to her family in Lodz, most of them would perish in either the Łódź ghetto or the extermination camps!

In Poland, she had met another girl, Gutta Gittel Goldbrum, who was also planning on traveling to Holland. In Amsterdam, they met again, and they became best friends for the rest of their lives and even became family later on.

Szajndla moved in with Izak, Esther, and Alex on Tulpstraat 13 and changed her name to Salla Radziner. She loved and adored her little brother Alex, who was 13 years younger than her, and very soon they developed a solid bond.

Salla, with her optimistic and happy character, found it easy to make friends. She was very creative and spontaneous and learned to speak, read, and write the Dutch language in no time. Her ambition was to study at the fashion academy, but she could not realize this dream because the war broke out in 1940.

Just before the start of the war, Salla reportedly got engaged. Leny Radziner remembered that the name of her fiancee was Ungar and that he tried to flee to Switzerland along with her mother, Guta. Leni found a photograph of Guta, Ungar, and Salla sitting on the beach in 1939. Guta and Ungar were caught at the Belgian border during their flee attempt. Ungar was so

traumatized by this that he didn't dare to escape again. Guta was successful on her second attempt to flee Holland and was able to get to Switzerland. There she heard the news that the Germans had arrested Ungar in the summer of 1942. He did not come back after the war, and my mother never spoke about him. When I went through the files of the An-ski Theatre at the Joods Historisch Museum, I found the name Ungar on the list of An-ski players. Maybe this is how she met him, but that is only speculation.



1938 at the beach Salla with Esther Hes. Alex and Max Friedlander

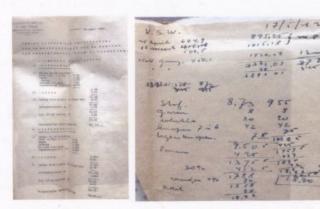


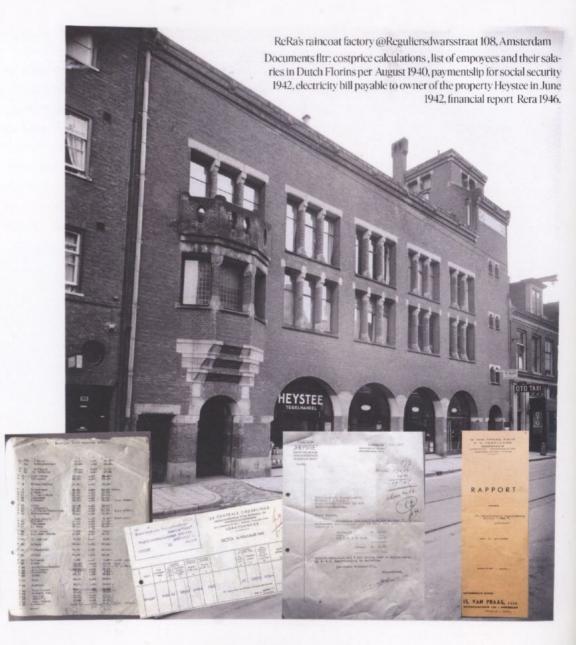
Engagement celebration dinner? Leo Gerstner and Guta, unknown man in the middle, Salla and Ungar

Alex and Salla into hiding

In 1941, when the Jews were banned from public places; life at the Radziner house became more and more concentrated around activities at home. Very often guests had to sleep over on the floor to avoid being picked up on the streets after curfew. Every Sunday night they had cultural performances in their house for which they sold tickets so that the players could at least earn a little bit of money. Both Salla and Alex loved to be present at these performances. Both spoke about it very fondly after the war, how they would sit on the stairs and watched in awe at the performances of all these gifted actors, singers, and musicians.

Until 1942 Izak Radziner was able to keep the Rera factory running. I have found some interesting papers in my mothers' archive, some of which are displayed below.





The situation for the Jews deteriorated more and more, and the Radziners feared for their lives. In March 1943 their worst nightmare became a reality, when, in the middle of the night, there was a loud knocking on the door, lots of noise and shouts, and the Gestapo came to get them. Salla managed to hide in their secret place (a large cupboard), but Alex was asleep, and they didn't manage to get him in time to the hiding place. Izak, ¹

Esther, and Alex were arrested and taken to the Hollandsche Schouwburg. They were kept there for three days. Izak and Esther were desperately trying to get Alex out and thought of different escape plans. However, Alex wouldn't hear of it and refused to leave them behind. Izak and Esther realized that to save Alex; they would have to think of

an escape plan, without telling him. Non-Jewish people were allowed to visit the prisoners at the Schouwburg. Izak asked one of his workers, at the raincoat factory, to come and collect Alex, claiming that Alex was his son and not Jewish.

Decisions had to be made fast because Izak and Esther didn't know when they would be put on transport. On the 3rd day, the employee of the Rera factory came to the Schouwburg and was able to convince the Gestapo that Alex was his son. Alex realized that he was being saved

and did not utter a sound. He looked one more time at his parents but did not have a chance to say goodbye. He would not see his father Izak or his mother Esther again! After they got out, the man told Alex to reverse his jacket to hide the J emblem and take the tram home. Alex did what he was told, and when he came home, he found Salla, sick of worry, waiting for him.

Salla, who was 24 years old at the time, immediately

contacted the underground to arrange hiding places. There was no time to lose. Alex was picked up the same evening. He was then only ten years old and terrified of course. A period of great uncertainty started for him. He was transported by the underground, on a bicycle, to a succession of hiding places in the countryside. One night here, another there, two nights, a week, months of chaos; hidden in lofts, barns,

basements, and closets by strangers who could have been killed for protecting a frightened 10-year-old Jewish boy. Until he finally arrived at the home of the Westra family at Hid Heroplantsoen 3, Bolsward, Friesland, where he would stay for two and a half year until the end of the war. They introduced him as Klaas, their nephew who came from Rotterdam. As the family was devout Christian, he joined them to church, attended lessons in Christianity and adapted to the small village life as a Christian boy.

Lieve Klaas. The was bull erg blig, enet de brief van Locals it wit je sehrijven ofgemnalet heb, groeit uit jour een flinke hetel. hiere schat, mij s het heel best, en browen un geregeld berieht van te outrangen. hiere jougen, lint. Micolans is of bezock geneest, en heeft en breele boel aardig dingen voor jou en de kindertjes achtergelalen this show it of , en book dat jullie dass veel f van zuelen hiebben. hiere sebat, je bent boek lief voor Dour, Tante en de kindertjes? Jaule sehreef mij dat je 200 goed heert, mu dat lange breven (je nebreef, dat je veel hijd Load) Lot rookang en bale boet hurjes voor jou en

Letter from Salla to Alex calling him by his hiding name "Klaas" The underground had provided the address where Alex was hiding and she was able to send him secret letters, but had to be very careful with the wording in order not to betray him or herself

Salla remained at the Tulpstraat for a little longer, until the underground also found a hiding place for her. In the meantime, she was also rounded up during a razzia in the street and was brought to the Hollandsche Schouwburg.

This story my mother told me herself: she was so frightened and didn't know what to do. Sitting opposite her was an older woman, who later appeared to be Ester Lea Wisnitzer. I am not sure they knew each other at the time. Ester Lea was also arrested and was sitting there with her suitcase. Ester Lea fearlessly shouted at Salla: "why are you standing there doing nothing, help an old woman to carry her suitcase." Salla followed her meekly and together they walked, miraculously unharmed out of the Schouwburg.

It was evident that time was running out, and the underground also found a hiding place for Salla at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schroder in Santpoort, Bloemendaalse Straatweg 134. When she arrived there, she met another girl who was already hiding at the Schroder family; her name was Tilly Stopper. The two of them were to become lifelong friends.

The Schroder family was very good to Salla, and she always spoke very fondly of Mr. and Mrs. Schroder and her family. During her hiding time, she asked Mr. Schroder to have a look at the Tulpstraat 13, to see if there were still any belongings of her family. He came back with the sad news that all the furniture and belongings had been taken away. They had also found the secret safe, which was built in the wall behind the

wallpaper. This safe contained all their valuables and the life insurance of Izak Radziner. Izak had told Salla that if anything should happen to him, she could always claim under this life insurance. After the war, she did try, but with no papers to prove it, she didn't get anything.

Salla dyed her hair blond, trying to look less Jewish, and dared from time to time to do small errands on the bike in the area. Unfortunately, she was betrayed (according to Salla, probably by one of the neighbors) and at the end of March 1944, she and Tilly were arrested and transported to Concentration camp Westerbork. Mr. Schroder was also arrested for hiding Jews and did not come back after the war. Leny told me that my mother had a lot of guilt feelings because of that.

Both Salla and Tilly remained for six weeks at the Westerbork Concentration Camp.



Prohibited for Jews



Replica of bunk bed in Camp Westerbork as displayed in the Westerbork museum

Concentration Camp Vught

On May 14, 1944, Salla and Tilly were sent on transport from Westerbork to Vught (Herzogenbusch Concentration Camp). Vught was the only concentration camp run directly by the SS in Western Europe outside of Germany.

In camp Vught, Salla became friendly with several other girls, and soon they formed a small group, which they called the "Radziner group," after their leader Salla Radziner.

Salla was a few years older than most of the other girls, and they accepted her as their natural leader. According to their stories, Salla had more life experience and such a strong will to live that she inspired the other girls in the group with her optimism and resourcefulness. The group consisted of the following women, and miraculously they would be able to stick together till the end of the war. For many, this was the beginning of a lifelong friendship and commitment to each other.

Salla Radziner, Cilly Schupper, Tilly Stopper, Lotte Meltzer, Mini Kleinmann, Margot Berlin, Erna Orgel. Sally Gottesman, Clairy Goldstein-Nemet.

A picture of the "Radziner group" taken after the war in 1945. On top Clairy Goldstein, below her Mini Kleinmann and Tilly Stopper, row of four Cilly Schupper, Margot Berlin, Salla Radziner, Sally Gottesman. In the front Ruthi and Lotte Meltzer

The whole group was assigned to work for the Philips factory, producing "knijpkatten," dynamo lamps.

At the time that camp Vught became operational, there was a shortage of workers, especially in Germany, because many men were fighting at the front. That's why companies, such as Philips, could deploy camp prisoners as slave laborers to keep up the war production. These companies had to pay a remuneration to the SS for the prisoners assigned to them as workmen.

The history of the Philips-Kommando is remarkable. Philips did not have the intention to profit from cheap prisoners. The reason for setting up this factory in Vught was to provide as many prisoners as possible with a roof over their head to safeguard them from being deported to Germany or Poland. A work spot in the Philips Kommando was of vital importance because this way one could postpone deportation to extermination camps. So the girls of the "Radziner group" were indeed very "lucky" to be allowed to work at the factory. About 10% of all prisoners in Vught worked in the Philips workplace.

The CEO of the Philips company at the time was 37-year-old Frits Philips. Frits Philips stipulated a couple of demands to the SS: that prisoners would not have to work more than a certain number of hours; that they would work under the guidance of Philips staff and that Philips would provide for one warm meal a day in the camp. Because the SS generally stuck to the agreements

made with Philips, the working conditions for the prisoners were not as heavy compared to other "Artbeits Kommandos." The meal they received once a day was called the "Phili-Mash." The SS benefited from a good collaboration with Philips because for every prisoner that worked for Philips; it received a daily remuneration of 4,50 guilders for a trained worker and 3 guilders for a non-trained worker. All women were considered non-trained workers.

In May 1944 the camp commander (SS Sturmbahnnfuhrer Hans Huttig) ended the particular position held by the Philips Kommando. He had become aware that sabotage had taken place and that various products were manufactured to such a degree that they would break down after a short period. He gave the order that all Jewish workers were to be deported to Auschwitz. Their stay in Camp Vught lasted for one month, from May 15th till June 15th, 1944.

Little did they know that the gates of hell were about to open.



Drawing of one of Salla's camp mates, Eefje Hellendag which is included in the Liber Americorum for her 70th birthday

Auschwitz / Reichenbach

The Radziner girls were one of the last groups to depart from Vught before the Nazis closed the camp. Cilly Schupper remembered that on the day of departure, they pushed them into cattle wagons and that they traveled for three days, destination unknown. It was hell in those closed wagons: no windows, no toilets, no water, no food and hardly a place to stand. People got sick and died, and no one knew where they were going and for how long this nightmare would be going on. Finally, after three days and nights, they arrived at the notorious station of Auschwitz. Cilly Schupper told me shamefully: "Upon arrival in Auschwitz, we were so miserable, sick, thirsty and starving; the first thought that came to my mind was: "it smells here like a bakery."

They were made to stand in two lines. In one line, the old, young, weak, and sick were directed straight to the gas chambers. The Philips girls, because they were "skilled" workers, were led to the other line and got a number tattooed on their arm (Salla's number was 78515).

Philips managed to save 800 women from Auschwitz by negotiating with the Germans to give them work at the Telefunken factory in Reichenbach. At the time, of course, they were unaware of these arrangements, but now we know that belonging to the Philips group probably saved their lives. They stayed in Auschwitz for five days: from June 15 till June 20, 1944.

From Auschwitz, they were transported by train to Camp Reichenbach, located near the Giant Mountains



Photograph of Salla taken after the war. It is one of the rare pictures where you can clearly see the number on her arm. She always told her grandchildren when they were small that she had this number because she kept forgetting her telephone number

separating Germany and the Czech Republic. They were put to work at the Telefunken factory, producing radio lamps. It was an hour walk from the camp to the factory, which in itself for weak, tired, underdressed and malnourished workers was already a challenge. On top of that, they had to work in 12-hour shifts. This lasted for nine months; from June 20, 1944, until February 18, 1945. In a letter, Leny Radziner wrote to me: "Theard many years ago, either from my mother or someone else, that your mother and her friends had to walk very long distances to the factory and back every day. And how your mother, through her attitude and strength, had physically made sure they did not give up and had carried them at times, and so, in fact, saved their lives".

In February 1945 the war was almost over; however, the worst two and a half months for the Radziner group was still to come!

Death march

By February 1945 the Germans realized that they were losing the war and they tried to destroy the "evidence" of their atrocities. They took the forced laborers as collateral and moved them by foot and by train all over Germany.

Cilly Schupper only recently told me about this harrowing, dangerous, and murderous journey. I had no idea what my mother and her friends had to endure at the end of the war! Because of Cilly's story, I looked again at the books I had in my library about the Philips Kommando, and now it all started to make sense. (Het Philips-Kommando in Kamp Vught written by P.W. Klein en Justus van de Kamp and Philips Meisje van Kamp Vught written by Sanne van Heijst)

This episode began on February 18, 1945, by the S.S. instructing the inmates of Reichenbach to start the infamous "death march." They left Reichenbach by foot in the direction of the Karkanosze (Giant Mountains) on the southern border of the Polish province of Lower Silesia. They walked for three days, approximately

35 km a day, in the freezing cold, with hardly any food and no proper shoes or clothing. At night they had to find their own sleeping places in nearby empty barns.

There was chaos everywhere! People who collapsed on the way or got sick were shot on the spot, and the only thing you could do is keep on walking. Cilly Schupper remembered that if any of the girls in the group wanted to give up, Salla would not hear of it, "keep walking no matter what was her motto."

When they arrived in Adersbach, they had already walked a distance of 100 km. From there they were transported in open train wagons, used for carrying coal. They had no protection for the cold, wind, hail, and rain. On February 27, 1945, they passed through Dresden, which was bombed two weeks earlier, and were witness to the enormous damage of the city. Just before the station of Leipzig, they found themselves in the middle of a bombardment. However, by then, they had lost all sense of fear for their lives and only hoped that the allied forces would come on time to save them.

They remained in the open wagons for several days and nights without getting food. It seemed like the Germans didn't know anymore where to take them. They were desperately moving their prisoners in order to stay out of the hands of the Russians, who were approaching from the East, and the Allied troops, were approaching from the South and North/West.

On March 1, they arrived at the concentration camp Bergen-Belsen, but there was no place in the camp, and they had to sleep outside again. The train continued, and they arrived in Porta Westfalica, near Minden. They were put to work in a factory under the ground in the Jakobs Mountain. To their surprise, they found in this factory their working benches and machines from Vught. The Germans had created a secret "shadow factory" to produce the Philips radio lamps. They worked there for

one month and then they were again put on trans. The allied forces arrived one day too late and found underground factory empty!

Again, they were put on transport, this time to and concentration camp Helmstedt-Beendorf, Braunschweig. This time they were forced to work factory in an old salt mine. The allied forces were: approaching here, and after a week they were sent to next concentration camp Hamburg-Eidelstedt. It is unimaginable to envisage how they could survive this extreme hardship.



The railway leading into Auschwitz, photo taken during our visit in 2



Liberation of the Radzyner group

After about ten days in Hamburg-Eidelstedt, on May 2, 1945, while standing on "Appel" (roll call), they got the long-awaited and redeeming news that train wagons were waiting for them to take them to Denmark! They couldn't believe their ears: they would be handed over to the Red Cross! Cilly Schupper told me how she clearly remembered that on that day, some German officers entered the camp together with an unknown man. This man later turned out to be the infamous Count Folke Bernadotte

The liberation of the Philips women was part of the remarkable white busses operation. This large-scale rescue operation, intended to liberate Scandinavian prisoners from the German concentration camps, was led by the Swedish Count Folke Bernadotte. Sweden had remained neutral during the Second World War but had increasingly sought rapprochement with the Allied forces during the last years of the war. Heinrich Himmler had insisted in the last months of the war that Sweden would play a mediating role between Germany and the Allies. To encourage the Swedes to cooperate with this plan, he allowed Scandinavian prisoners to be picked up by Red Cross transports. From March 1945, Scandinavian prisoners were liberated from German concentration camps. They were picked up in whitepainted busses with a red cross and a Swedish flag on the roof to prevent shelling from the air. As the end of the war approached, more and more non-Scandinavian

prisoners were also released in this way.

When the Swedes entered the concentration camps, they were not at all prepared for the enormous devastation and the inhumane and deplorable conditions of all the prisoners, and they were in total shock. After more negotiations, Bernadotte finally received permission to extend his mandate to non-Scandinavians and Jewish prisoners.

In the end, not only buses were used for the rescue operation, but also vehicles and a freight train. It was this train, consisting of sixty wagons, which brought a group of 2800 women to Denmark on May 4, 1945, including the Radzyner group. Cilly clearly remembered the thick straw on the floor, such an enormous contrast

with their previous transports, and only 50 people i wagon instead of hundreds!! In the Danish border of Padborg, the transport with the Philips women taken over by the Red Cross.

After spending about nine months at se concentration camps and having been transpo around Germany for more than 2,5 months cover 2.500 km, they were finally free! So many had died, the living were hardly alive, but they had survived! There were people along the train tracks, who welcomes them and threw food in the train. However, many per got sick after eating the food, their stomachs were longer used to it. After being mistreated for so long, couldn't believe that people were now waving to th and welcoming them warmly.



Arrival of the group in the camp. Roberts Hjod



Cilly Schupper being assisted out of the train



Provisional identity card issued in Sweden on May 8, 1945 by the Dutch Consulate

Folke Bernadotte

For the Radziner group, Folke Bernadotte was a hero, and between my mother's photographs, I also found this photograph of him. Because of the successful White Buses Operation, Folke Bernadotte was well-known internationally. At the end of May 1948, Folke Bernadotte was asked by the UN Secretary to act as the UNs' mediator in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. His effort as a mediator started well and two weeks after he took on the mission, they declared a month-long truce on June 11, 1948. While Folke Bernadotte devoted a great deal of energy to organize the monitoring of the truce, he was deeply committed to the Palestinian refugees. Folke Bernadotte formulated a proposal and drafted a roadmap to peace. According to the plan, the former British mandate Palestine should become a union between Jews and Arabs. The Jewish part would consist of Israel, and the Arabic part would include Jordan. The plan caused outrage among both parties and was turned down by Israel as well as all Arab states except Jordan. Folke Bernadotte then began to work on a new proposal, but he never had a chance to present it to



Folke Bernadotte

the UN General Assembly. When Folke Bernadotte traveled in a convoy of three cars on his way to negotiations in Jerusalem in the afternoon on September 17, 1948, men dressed in camouflage uniforms stopped his vehicle. One of them ran over to the car and shot him in the chest. No one was convicted of the murder, but after 1968 several members of the Stern Gang (Lehi) eventually came forward and admitted that they had been involved. Folke Bernadotte's plan for a political solution died with its author.

Recovery in Sweden

From Padborg they were sent with the Red Cross by boat to Malmö. In the book "Philips meisje van Kamp Vught" I found an eve witness report of one of the Dutch officials who were waiting that day, May 4th, 1945, at the quay to welcome the prisoners. The volunteers were waiting for the group with large baskets of bread, hot chocolate milk, and the stretchers and medical personnel were ready to assist the sick and needy. Then the boat arrived, and the Dutch representatives rushed forward to welcome the Dutch group. However, they didn't see any Dutch people, only a group of people that looked like gypsies; skinny, blue, pale individuals, dirty, in rags, one without stockings, the other with jute bandages around the feet, lice-infested blankets around their shoulders, a ragged group, looking like beggars. "Where is the Dutch group they asked"? The Dutch girls started to sing the Dutch anthem to prove it was them. This is how my mother arrived in Sweden. She weighed only 45 kg, her friend Cilly only 38 kilograms.

They were welcomed by the Dutch Ambassador and the Dutch-born Rabbi Rav Eliezer Berlinger, who at the time was working as the chief Rabbi of Sweden in Stockholm. Cilly remembered it being Friday afternoon and that the Rabbi wished them, Shabbat Shalom. The girls stood there, totally stunned, not comprehending what was happening to them.

Cilly was very ill and was hospitalized immediately; the rest of the Radziner group was put up in a refugee camp in Malmö, called "Robert Hoyd."

It was a chaotic period for the Dutch girls. The Dutch government provided each woman with a set of clothes and a one-off allowance that had to be paid back afterward. Whoever wanted to return to Holland or go somewhere else had to make her own arrangements. The Red Cross was trying to locate family members, but there was still so little information about everybody's loved ones.

After the initial recovering period; the remaining Radziner group existed of five girls: Salla, Cilly, Tilly, Lotte, and Erna. Cilly told me that they were offered a job, working for Philips in Norrköpping. Suddenly they were independent; they needed to find a place to stay, buy and cook their own food and only earned very little money. They insisted on staying together as a group, and it was not easy to find a place for five young women. A man offered them a room in his house, but in the evening they heard a lot of noise and a group of drunken men were trying to come in. Cilly remembered: Salla was the only one who dared to look and run back to warn them; instructing them to barricade the doors with anything they could find. They managed to hold the fort, and in the middle of the night, they fled out of the house and finally found a room in a small hotel in Norrköpping.

Cilly told me a few funny stories of that time; how they tried to bake eggs on a hot iron. They also found inventive ways to get clothes and food with the little



Horrkoping, Nov. 1945

money they had. § took the lead here well, Cilly remember that she would end a department shad find a frier salesperson, telling that she was a refusand that she need stockings. When sales lady, out of processing the sales and that she need took in the sales lady, out of processing the sales lady.

gave her a pair of stockings, she would say: but I also four friends, and at that very moment, the four wo march in, so that the sales lady had no other choice to give the others also free stockings. Salla even known somebody at a garment factory, and he offered to proher with a dress. So again they would walk in with 5 of them, and all got the same dress in different color After all the hardship, they tried to remember mainly good times in Sweden with all the fun and laughter. It wanted to focus on how to build a new future. In the every one of the girls went her way, but the strong by remained, and they kept in touch for the rest of their for the rest of their for the strong by the strong by



First outing in Sweden of all the Dutch women First row: Cilly, Tilly, Salla, Clairy, Sally Gottesman Second row: Margot, Mini and Lotte Also in the middle Betty Dwinger Carmel



Tilly, Lotte and Cilly, Salla in front



In quarantine in Roberts Hjod: Lotte, Cilly, Salla, in front: Ruthi and Mini

1945 Sweden, photographs taken after the liberation



Mini, Cilly, Salla, Lotte



Front row: Margot Berlin, Lotte Meltzer, Mini Kleinman, Ruthi Kaufman Back row: Ruthi Kalter (who only joined the group in Sweden, Cilly Schupper, Clairy Goldstein Nemet, Salla Radziner, Sally Gottesman, Tilly Stopper

Excerpts from "Brievele der Mamme"

For Salla's 70th birthday, we made a big party in our garden and prepared a "Liber Amicorum" with letters and photographs of all her friends and family all over the world. Of course the "Radziner group" was also asked to contribute, herewith I would like to add a few remarkable quotes:



Cilly Schupper:

"Lieve Salla, ik heb het Mazzal gehad om jou in Vught te leren kennen. Samen met nog een groep meisjes hebben we ons aan elkaar vastgeklampt. Wij waren de "Radziner kliek" en jij Salla was onze rots in de branding. Jij was altijd sterk en een grote morele steun. Wij wilden meer dan eens de hoop laten varen, maar iij was altijd vol

hoop en hielp en sleepte ons mee, gaf ons moed en droeg jouw wil om te leven aan ons over. In de ergste en moeilijkste tijd, wist jij altijd nog een lichtpuntje te vinden; soms een wit kraagje, soms een stukje krijt om onze schoenen schoon te maken. Juist deze kleine dingen waren zo vreselijk belangrijk, omdat ze ons hielpen, en herinnerden, dat wij nog steeds tot het woord "mens" behoorden! En hoe paradoxaal het ook mag klinken, de "Radziner kliek" had soms heel veel lol en heeft samen nog heel wat afgelachen ook!

Een beeld staat in mijn geheugen gegrift. Op een mooie maandag (was het in kamp Reichenbach?) komt Salla opeens aanzetten in een rood jasje! Het was als een verschijning uit een andere wereld. Al 40 jaar lang zoek ik naar deze rode kleur, naar het gevoel van iets "buitengewoons", iets "bovenaards", maar....... a nachtiger Tug! Veel liefs Cilly"



Anna Greta:

Sehr gern bringe ich die Wochen in Erinnerung als du und deine Kameradinnen Cilly, Lotti und Mini im Jahre 1945 in Göteborg waren. Wir hatten soviel spass besonders als Sie meine Familie und Tanten in Landvetter besuchten."



Tilly Stopper:

"Jarenlang kende ik je alleen "van het langslopen" ik zag je door het raam en riep dan naar binnen: de dochter van Radziner liep net langs! In mijn ogen was je altijd super elegant. Tot mijn grote verbazing en vreugde, wie ontmoette ik, toen ik aankwam op mijn onderduikadres? De dochter van Radziner, onze Salla! Toen is eigenlijk onze hechte vriendschap begonnen, een band die nooit meer verbroken kan worden!"



Margot Berlin

"het feit dat we als groep samen waren boorlog heeft definitief bijgedragen aan overleven. Jouw optimisme en levenslustaltijd een voorbeeld voor ons allen. Je iets ouder dan de rest en had daardoor bevenservaring. Ook na de oorlog was je rots in de branding aan wie ik alles kon verd



Betty Dwinger

Betty was a good friend of my mother. She was also part of the Philips commando and ended up in Sweden as well, but to my knowledge she was not part of the "Radzyner group". After the war, they renewed their friendship, and every Wednesday Betty came for lunch at the Beethovenstraat and together, they visited a

museum or did another kind of outing. Betty was a talented composer and wrote a beautiful poem for my mother's 70th birthday, which is included in the Liber Amicorum.



Clairy Goldstein-Nemet

"op een mooie morgen in de meidagen van 1945, bevonden wij ons in quarantaine in Malmo. Nadat we jarenlang honger geleden hadden, was er geen grens aan onze eetlust! En zo zien we daar op een mooie ochtend, Salla, rechtop op haar bed zittende, op de bovenste etage, vol trots verklaren: ik heb zoiuist mijn 35e boterham verorbert! Als

desert heeft Salla, na de middag, aan een van de bewakers van de "Linnaes Skolan", waar we ons bevonden, geld gegeven om voor ons nog even een grote slagroomtaart te gaan kopen. De gevolgen van deze smulpartij zijn natuurlijk niet uitgebleven!"



Reunion of the Philips girls in 1989 at the home of Clairy Goldstein Nemet. From left to right Margot, Salla, Tilly, Cilly

Starting a new life in Amsterdam

After having recovered in Sweden, Salla traveled to Holland on November 14, 1945, to look for her family. She found Alex with the help of a friend, Rudi Fahrer, who happened to be in the province of Friesland at the time, attending a parade. He met a man who told him they had a Jewish boy at home who was looking for his family. Rudi connected Salla and Alex, and this is how they reunited. They were overjoyed to see each other, but the fact that to their knowledge no one of their family, parents, uncles, aunts, and cousins; both in Poland and Holland had survived, must have been a terrible blow to both of them.

They were on their own; Salla at age 26 and Alex at age 13. Alex stayed a little while longer in Bolsward till Salla found a place to live. She found an apartment for the two of them at the Borssenburgstraat 34.











1946 Salla and Alex in Amsterdam

Alex went back to school. After the war, the municipality of Amsterdam had founded the G.I.C.O.L. (Gemeentelijke Inhaal Cursus voor Ondergedoken Leerlingen/Municipal catch-up course for hidden students). The former head of the Jewish HBS, Mr. Jacobs, was in charge of the Gicol. It was tough for the students at the Gicol to go back to the school routine after what they had gone through. They all had suffered during the war, and many of their friends had not come back. Moreover, they had not been able to study for the past 3 to 4 years. The same applied for Alex, he definitely tried, but the grief and emotional stress of his losses and being hidden for 2 1/2 years negatively impacted his ability to study. Alex was dreaming of becoming a conductor, and at home, he would practice on a wooden crate, directing the music of the orchestra he heard on the radio. However, it was not to be, after struggling for a couple of years at school, he decided to quit his studies and started to work.

Salla, in the meantime, was trying to resurrect the raincoat production in Rera, her fathers' factory. Leny remembered a story that Alex had told her: "As a teenager, Alex would work with Salla after school and during vacations. He recalled that right after the war, the textile industry was devastated. People brought bedsheets in, which they used as fabric for the raincoats. The factory would treat and waterproof them, and then they would sow these sheets into individual raincoats. Alex had laughed and said they were hideous, but they

sold and served the purpose."

Slowly slowly, the business was picking up, Salla's partner in the raincoat factory was Leo Gerstner, and together they turned the Rera into a profitable business. In 1947 Salla was able to find a better apartment, and along with Alex, they moved to the Nic. Witsenstraat 16. In that same year, Leo Gerstner married Guta Szanowski Goldbrum. However, in 1948 Leo suddenly had to leave Holland and Salla was left overnight running the business on her own. Marion Raber remembered that Salla told her the story how desperate she was at the time. However, she had no choice and learned fast; she successfully continued to run the business.



Travel permit issued in Sweden and application card for repatriated people to re-register as a resident in Amsterdam

1946 photograph taken by Leo Gerstner in the garden of Jacob and Cilly Sanowsky in Bloemendaal. From left to right: Elli, Leny, Alex, Guta, Friedi, Salla, Jacob and Cilly Sanowsky

Guta & her daughters Leny and Elli

The lives of Guta Goldbrum and my mother Salla had been closely interwoven ever since they met in Lodz before the war. In the book "a Brievele der Mamme" which we prepared for my mothers' 70th birthday, Guta wrote:

"Imet Salla in 1937 in Lodz through her uncle, who she used to call Fette Jossel. I was invited to her "Bubbes" place, where she was living with her mother, her grandmother, and all the other Fetters. The main character that was outstanding in the house was her "Bubbe"; she was inspiring confidence in her black outfit, her black "schaitl" and black patterned shoes. I saw her only once, but in my later relationship with Salla, I adopted her also like my "Bubbe." On many occasions, Salla was referring to her wise philosophies and common sense. One of Salla's returning remarks was: "my Bubbe used to say".

Dear Salla, you are and were always my best friend. I know you now more than half a century, and I take the liberty to declare you this very moment the Best Mother of the Year. I personally think that you are entitled to this honor. As I know how sentimental and emotional you are, you'll be moved to tears by all this attention you are getting today. No surprise, you were always crying; even when your friends and family were leaving for Zandvoort or Scheveningen, you had tears in your eyes! You have an immense love for children. I remember your tenderness and affection during and after the war for my children, for which I am very grateful."

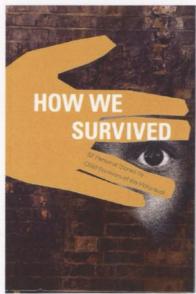
Before the war Guta had married Abraham Sanowsky, who was also from Łódź, they had a tailor shop in Amsterdam. Guta and Abraham had two daughters, Lea (Leny) who was born on November 10, 1938, and



1946 Leny and Elli Szanowski

Ester (Elli) who was born on January 8, 1941. A few weeks after the birth of their second daughter Elli, Abraham Sanowsky was rounded up by the Germans during a razzia and sent to Mauthausen. My mother tried to assist Guta as much as she could under these difficult circumstances, and visited often; she loved the two girls Leny and Elli. Guta attempted to run the business and take care of her two young daughters, but it was getting more and more dangerous. In 1942 she decided to flee to Switzerland and left Leny (3 1/2 years old) with her family Cilly and Yacov Sanowsky. They had Argentinian passports and thought they would be spared. She left Elli (1 year old) with the housekeeper.

However, the situation deteriorated very fast, and they all had to go into hiding. They were placed in different families by the underground. At first, they found a Christian family for Leny together with other Jewish children. However, the family was betrayed, and Leny was moved from place to place. She was four years old and remembered being on a train with other children. She was one of the last children remaining in the train before she was picked up in Horst, Limburg. Her clothes were torn, she had sores all over her body and was full of lice, but couldn't remember what happened to her and where she had been. She was taken in by a kind family and could stay there till the end of the war. After the war, Guta came to collect Leny, but she had gotten attached to her family in Horst and missed the life on the farm so much, she needed to go back. The farm was the only place she ever felt safe. It took a while before Leny was able to leave the family in Horst and go back to live with her mother.



In the book "How we survived" are several stories of children who survived the war in hiding, one of which is Leny's story.



1948 Salla with the two girls Leny and Elli in their beautiful new coats from the Bonneterie, meeting Leo Gerstner in Antwerpen, just before their departure to Buenos Aires.

Elli remained during the war with the housekeeper Jo. In 1941, Jo had just married, and a year later, her son was born. Jo adored little Elli but lost contact after the war, when they moved to New Zealand. However, Jo always kept talking to her family about this wonderful girl that she loved so much. For years her children tried to find Elli but to no avail. In 2010 their grandson, nine years old, was so inspired by the story and asked his parents to please try once more. This time they published an ad in a Dutch magazine for holocaust survivors with a picture of Elli 18 months old. Leny, who received a copy of the

magazine in Los Angeles, saw the ad and recognized Elli immediately. They contacted the family. Unfortunately, Jo and her husband had died already, but they did a skype call with the children, and a year later Leny and Elli paid a visit to New Zealand. They had found each other after 69 years!

After the war, Leny and Elli stayed with my mother and Alex for a few weeks until Guta had found an apartment. In 1947 Guta married Leo Gerstner (the brother of Cilly Sanowsky-Gerstner and partner of my mother in the

raincoat factory Rera), and they had a son named Date Guta, Leo, and Danni decided to move to Argent following their family Yacov and Cilly Sanows who were already living there. Leny and Elli state behind with their housekeeper Mary (yes our Me Savelsbergh!). My mother took the two girls under wings and tried to make their lives a bit more cheen After a year, Leny and Elli joined the family in Buen Aires, and Mary started to work in the household of Sa and Alex.



1980 family visit to Los Angeles Front row: Alex and Salla Back row: Elli, Leny, Max, Guta, Vera, Mark, Leon



1938 Salla and Guta

Jewish kids spared

Families risked all for 'hidden children'

He became Klaas Westra, an 11-year-old cousin from the city visiting his relatives living on a farm in the Netherlands.

That was the cover story. Just in case anybody got suspicious and asked.

His real name was Alex Radziner, and he was Jewish. DENNIS Jewish at a time and place in our history when it was tanta- McCARTHY mount to a death sentence.

his parents had been taken from their Friesland, the Netherlands, a few people Amsterdam home by German SS soldiers and brought to a holding yard awaiting processing and transport to a concentration camp.

A few days after their incarceration, a man - a Christian man - walked into the yard and told the German guards they had made a mistake. This was not a Jewish boy. This was the man's son. A Christian son.

Before Alex had a chance to say a word, his parents shoved him into the man's arms, nodding at the guards. He is right, this is not our child, they said,

scared, confused Alex turned to see his children," says Lea Radziner of Encino. parents for the last time. They would die in a concentration camp.

The last look he saw in their sad eyes was one of relief and deep gratitude to their Christian friend, who had put his own life in jeopardy by coming here and lying to the guards to save a young Jew-

Within days. Alex was in the hands of Lea says, "only she stayed with her

the Dutch Underground Resistance Movement - one of the thousands of "hidden children" of World War II.

Jewish children parceled out to Christian families risking their own lives by taking these children into their homes as their own. Calling them cousins visiting from the city - just in case anybody became suspicious and asked.

In the little village of Bolsward, in the province of did ask about the new young boy who was staying with John and Effic Westra and their children.

His name was Klaas, they were told. A cousin visiting from the city.

His visit lasted from 1943 until 1945. when the war ended. When he could finally go home to Amsterdam and became Alex Radziner again.

"Even though it was very dangerous to hide and help a Jewish child. John and Effic Westra opened the door of their home and their heart, and took Alex in, treating him with the same love Walking away with his new father, a and understanding they gave their own

She is the widow of Alex Radziner. who died a little over five years ago. She was his childhood playmate and friend in Amsterdam, later becoming his wife years after returning from her own Christian family where she, too, had been one of the hidden children.

"There were many Anne Franks."



Evan Yee/Daily News Lea Radziner of Encino displays a

photo of her late husband.

family. We didn't." In Los Angeles alone, she estimates there are more than 400 hidden children, many of them members of the Child Holocaust Survivors Group of Los Angeles, located in Sherman Oaks.

"I was 4 years old, and remember being on a train with many other children, and that out of that group I was the last child placed," says Lea, whose maiden name was Sanowsky.

"The reason the underground had a hard time placing me was that I had dark hair and looked very Jewish, and most families did not want someone with such dark hair.

"Finally, Jan and Hendrica Christianens and their three children offered to keep me with them on their farm even though it was very dangerous for



Future couple Lea Sanowsky and Alex Radziner of Amsterdam would soon become two of the "hidden children" of World War II.

them. My name became Lenie de Groot, and I. too, was a cousin from

After the war. Lea and Alex returned to Amsterdam, but with so much death and destruction all around them, life Sunday:

"I moved to Argentina with my family, but we stayed in touch," Lea says. "The Westras immigrated to the United States in 1947 and told Alex that he should do the same, which he did in 1953.

"Six months later, he was drafted and sent to Korea. When he got out, he came back to Holland on vacation. then to Brazil to visit me. Well, we fell in love and decided to get married.

"A year later, I received my papers to come to America, and we moved to the Valley in 1961, living here ever since," Lea says. "We had two children. Alex worked in the garment industry, while I volunteered at my children's

schools." On Wednesday at 10:30 a.m., at the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, there will be a ceremony offering the Yad Vashem recognition for "righteous gentiles" to posthumously honor Effie and John Westra. On hand will be their three surviving children, all now living in California.

The ceremonial honor is the culmination of a dream Alex Radziner carried with him his entire adult life but never had the chance to fulfill before dying. The dream his widow promised she would carry on in his name.

An official thank-you to some brave, compassionate Christians from the hidden Jewish children of World War II.

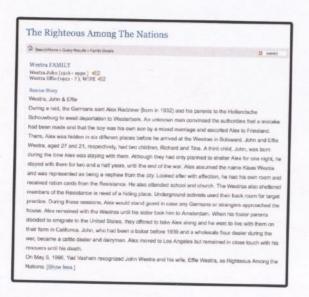
Dennis McCarthy's column appears Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and

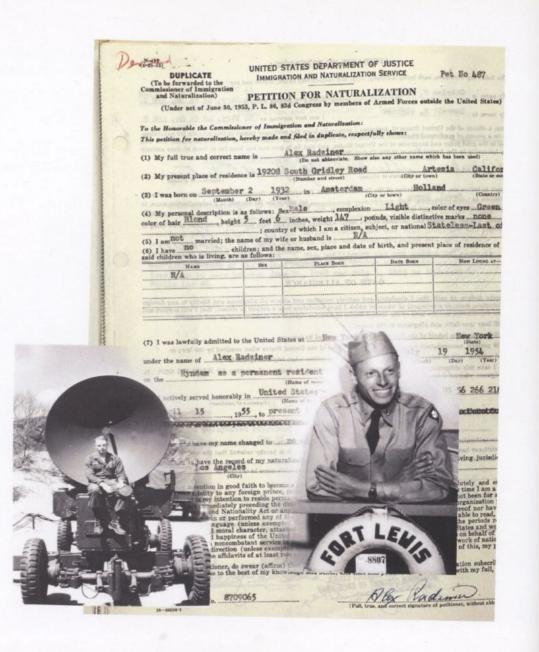
Interview by Leny in the Daily News of August 31, 1997 about Alex and the family who hid him during the war

Alex Radziner

After the war, Alex had kept in touch with the Westra family, where he was in hiding during the war. They informed him that they were planning to emigrate to Artesia in Southern California and asked him to join them. He decided to try his luck in the States and in 1953 he left for California.

Six months after his arrival in California, the U.S. army informed Alex that he could either join the military or return to Europe. Alex decided to enlist in the military, and they sent him to Korea where he was stationed for two years.





At the time the Chaplain in the army was Chaim Potok (yes the writer!), and he told Alex the story that a lot of Radzyners originate from the shtetl of Radzyn, about 60km north of Lublin. The first Radzyner Rebbe, Gershon Chanoch Leiner (1839-1890), founded the Radzyn Dynasty of Chasidim and reintroduced the lost tradition of interweaving the blue thread among the tzitzit of the talit. This blue was called Techelet or Radzyner blue. I have not found any confirmation that our Radzyner family was involved with the Chasidim of Radzyn. However, the re-introduction of the Techelet is a true story, and since it was something so vividly remembered by Alex, I wanted to include it.

During his period in the army, Alex and Leny started to write letters to each other. After his tour of duty, Alex went to Amsterdam to visit his sister Salla. Before going back to California, he decided to make one more stop in Sao Paolo, Brazil to visit Guta and the two girls. He stayed in Sao Paolo for two months. Leny and Alex started their romance and made plans for their marriage

in the U.S. However, Leny had to wait for her immigration papers. Only in December 1958 was she able to come to California.

Alex and Leny had their Chupah on December 7, 1958. Their wedding reception took place at the house of Bertrand and Gertrude Raber-Atlas. Bertrand was the son of Jacques Raber, brother to Izak Raber, my grandfather from the Raber side. When Alex moved to California, my father had contacted the Raber family in California to take good care of Alex and Leny, which they did, and they remained in contact.

Alex and Leny had a good life in California and enjoyed a happy marriage. They gave birth to 2 children; Ron (1961) and Karen (1970).

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Left: 1957 passsenger list: Alex on the boat "Holberg" from Holland to Brasil.

Above: 1957 temporary visa for Brasil.

Right: 1957, Sao Paulo, Lex asking Leny to marry him.

Right standing: Chupa Alex and Leny December 7, 1958 in California.



Sadly Alex got very ill and died much too young at the age of 59 on September 20, 1991. Although we were far away, we always remained in close contact with Alex, Leny, and the children. Ron married Robin Cottle, and they have two children Asher and Alexi. It gives me great pleasure that the next generation is continuing the strong family bond.



1989 Alex came to Amsterdam to surprise his sister for her 70th birthday celebration. He also went back to his parental home on Tulpstraat 13. It would be the last time Alex saw his sister because Salla died a month after her 70th birthday. It was also the last time we met with Alex. Sadly, he passed away two years later. Tragic, they both died so at such a young age.





Summer of 2018, spending a holiday together in Kuai, Hawaii: Sander, Mark, Vera, Sasha, Karen, Asher, Robin, Ron and Max in front



December 2014, Barmitswah Asher Radziner in Israel, family reunion in Yaffo



October 2016 visit to Los Angeles on the occasion of Lexi's Batmitswah. From left to right: Mark, Vera, Asher, Yasmin, Naomi, Daniel, Zoe, Ron, Sander, Max Front row: Leny, Lexi, Robin, Karen and Sasha with little Lev in her belly. missing is Ava asleep

Max Raber

My father, Max, was born on December 17, 1920, in Karlsruhe, Germany. His parents Izak Raber and Rosa Gerstner Schander were probably pleased that they could finally settle in Germany. They had traveled a lot in the first ten years of their marriage. They married in

1910 in Krakow, Poland. Izak was a merchant, and they lived in several cities, probably wherever business opportunities took them at the time, and for sure also because of antisemitism.

Max' eldest brother Sam was born in Jeziorki, Poland in 1913. Sam remembered that when he was very young, there was a pogrom in Jeziorski. He told his children that he remembered that their house was on fire and that he and his parents had to flee.

The family then moved to Osviecziem, where Dolf (Abraham) was born in 1914. They didn't stay in Osviecziem

(city of Auschwitz) very long because their third son Michael was born in Krakow in 1919.

1910 Izak Raber in a Prussian uniform

(Poland did not exist at the time

They were living in very turbulent times with a lot of instability. Poland did not exist as an independent country during World War I. Its geographical position between the fighting powers meant that a lot of the

fighting and human losses occurred on the Polish lands between 1914 and 1918. When World I started, Polish territory was split between Austria-Hungary, the German Empire and the Russian Empire. In the aftermath of the war, following the collapse of the Russian, German and

Austro-Hungarian Empires, Poland became an independent republic.

With all this unrest and with antisemitism on the rise, the family decided to move to Germany. Shortly after Michael was born in Krakow, they traveled to Berlin. In the end, they settled in Karlsruhe in 1920. The brother of Izak, Jacques Raber lived in Karlsruhe, which made it a logical choice. Jacques was married to Sarah Rottenberg, and they had five children; Rosel, Gustel, Erna, Bertrand, and Friedl.

Also, Rosa's parents, Joseph and Chana Schander, came along to Karlsruhe and lived in the same

house. Max was born in that same year, and his youngest brother Herman Naphtali was born three years later in 1923.

Jewish life in Germany prospered at that time, and the family enjoyed a good life, feeling very much at home with the boys attending school and speaking fluently German. Grandfather Jozef and grandmother Chawere living in with them and were very involved with their upbringing. They lived in an apartment on the Sofienstrasse 93. Max went to school at the Guttenber Schule, Kriegstrasse 143.

Max recorded his life story for the Spielberg project have used lots of information he has given therein write this story.

Max remembered that his grandparents were we religious and actively involved in the education of the five grandsons. Grandfather Joseph would wake up the boys in the morning, made sure they would all say the morning prayer (Shema) and after breakfast take the to school. In the afternoon, he would be waiting again at school and bring them to Jewish lessons. He was we strict and always had his army belt ready on the tablest case any of the boys were naughty! During the week the was no time for sports, but on Sundays, they would plus soccer with grandfather Joseph and grandmother Ghamencouraging them from the sidelines. Grandfather Joseph, with his large white beard, and both dressed

their dark clothes and covered heads, looked entirely out of place.



1918 Mordechai Joseph Schander and his wife Chana Schander Gerstner

However, Germany in the 1920s remained economically and politically unstable. The Weimar Republic was unable to deal with the economic crisis left by the war. America had loaned Germany money to stabilize the economy, and indeed, the financial situation in Germany briefly improved between 1924-1929.

The disaster began in the U.S., the leading economy in the world. The Wall Street stock exchange collapsed in 1929, and the American economy collapsed with it. This was the start of the Great Depression, and it affected all capitalist economies in the world. American banks immediately withdrew the loans they had made to Germany. Businesses closed, unemployment rose, and inflation was rampant. German money had so little value that it might take a wheelbarrow full of notes to buy a few groceries!

The mood in Germany became increasingly grim. The worldwide economic depression had hit the country hard, and millions of people were out of work. Millions of others joined the unemployed. They believed the Depression in Germany was due to the humiliation after Germany's defeat in World War I. Many Germans perceived the parliamentary government coalition as weak and unable to alleviate the economic crisis. Widespread economic misery, fear, and perception of worse times to come, as well as anger and impatience with the apparent failure of the government to manage the crisis, offered fertile ground for the rise of Adolf Hitler and his Nazi Party. As from 1932, the Nazi party was gaining more and more power, and antisemitism

became rampant. After the Nazis took control and implemented their antisemitic ideology and policies, the persecution of the Jewish community increased. In 1933, persecution of the Jews became an official Nazi policy. Max remembered being insulted on the streets and called names in school (Sau Jude). He witnessed clashes every Sunday between the S.D.A.P. (the socialist party) and the S.A. (Nazi paramilitary wing). He also vividly remembered the boycotting of Jewish shops and businesses and that Jews were barred from civil

service and university. Sam and Dolf belonged to a socialist youth movement. However, in 1933, this youth movement was changed to the Hitler Jugend, and of course, they could not remain a member. Overnight their non-Jewish friends didn't want to have anything to do with them any longer. It was evident that they had to leave Germany fast, for fear of being arrested. They came as illegal immigrants to Holland and the two brothers of Rosa Raber, Salomon, and Herman, and their families received them warmly.



1923 Rosa Raber Schander Gerstner, unknown lady, Chana Schander Gerstner with Max on her lap, Mordechai Joseph Schander Front row: Michael, Sam and Dolf Raber







Above left:

1920, Jacques and Sara Raber, with their five children: Bertrand, Gustel, Rosel, Erna and Friedi.

Above right:

925, Izak and Rosa Raber with their five children: Sam, Max, Michael, Herman and Dolf.

Lower left:

The street where they lived pictured in 1925.

Lower right:

1923: Izak Raber taking a walk with his son Max, what a remarkable picture and look at Maxs' suit!



The Rabers move to Holland

When Hitler came to power in 1933 in Germany, the Dutch Jews also felt the consequences at once. In Holland, caring for, and housing refugees, from Germany and Austria, became a significant concern. An estimated 34,000 refugees arrived between 1933 and 1940.

Two brothers of Rosa Raber were already living in Amsterdam.

The eldest brother of Rosa was Salomon Schander Gerstner, he was married to Ester Lea Wisnitzer, and they lived in Jaworzno, Poland. Esther Lea had a bakery there. In 1915 a new law was proclaimed, whereby it was forbidden to perform any Jewish rituals. During a pogrom, the police entered the bakery one Shabbat and discovered that they were baking their cholent overnight in the oven. Seven people were arrested and hanged for this crime! It was the sign for Salmon and Ester Lea to leave immediately, and they fled to Holland together with their five children. Salomon set up a leather factory under the name Schander Lederwarenfabriek at the Nieuwe Heerengracht 163. When Sam and Dolf arrived in Holland illegally, he offered them work at his factory. Rosa's other brother, who was living in Amsterdam, was Herman Schander Gerstner. He was married to Rosa Ferber, and they had two daughters Ida and Cilly. They owned and operated a kosher restaurant. I found an advertisement in the NIW, the Jewish newspaper, published in 1927, price for a kosher dinner F 1,25!



1922 Salomon Schander Gerstner



1922 Herman Schander Gerstner



1927 Advertisement in the NIW of Restaurant "Schander"

Both Salomon and Herman offered their help to relocate the family from Germany. In June 1933, with Sam and Dolf already in Amsterdam, the remaining family in Karlsruhe loaded all their belongings in a large van and departed for Holland: grandfather Joseph, grandmother Chana, father Izak, mother Rosa and the three brothers Michael. Max. and Herman.

This journey remained vividly in the mind of Max, because of a traumatic incident which occurred when they stopped at the border, where uncle Herman was waiting for them to assist with the move. In the hectic situation with all the nerves running high, they left after the pit stop and forgot Max, who was 12 years old at the time! Luckily they realized soon that they had left him behind and came to pick him up.

Because of the massive influx of refugees in Holland, the Raber family encountered many difficulties upon their arrival. The Dutch government did not permit them to live in Amsterdam, and they had to relocate outside Amsterdam and rented a house in Diemen (Muiderstraatweg). Because they were refugees, it was also not possible to get a working permit.

Sadly, grandfather Joseph died a few months after they arrived in Holland. Grandmother Chana moved in with them. Sam and Dolf both were working at the leather factory of uncle Schloime (Salomon) in Amsterdam. Max was still young and went to school, where he befriended the son of the mayor of Diemen.

He remembered how proud he was at his Barmitswah in the synagogue in Bettondorp, where Mr. Israels addressed him. Mr. Israels would later become director of the Jewish High School Maimonides.

To his great regret, Max had to start working after his Barmitswah, the family needed the extra income, and he was no longer able to go to school. Father Izak had opened a leather factory on the ground floor of their house, and Max was put to work there. Max remembered that his mother had to feed the whole family (8 persons) with 10 guilders a week.

Finally, in 1938 the Rabers received permission to move to Amsterdam. They moved to an apartment on the Plantage Franselaan 21/23. Their neighborhood was called "Little Jerusalem" in those days. Probably because of all the Jewish families that lived in the area. Finally, life was good again. They enjoyed their new living quarters and also financially, the business was doing well. One of the families living opposite them were the Goldstoff family. The friendship continued in further generations, and today our children are still friends.

Alas, the good life did not last very long. Despite being neutral, Holland was invaded by the Nazis on May 10, 1940. A crushing blow to both the refugees, who had expected Holland to remain neutral, as well as for Dutch Jews, a tolerated and never persecuted minority group. The Nazis placed the country under a civil administration, led by virulent antisemites like

Arthur Seyss-Inquart and Hans Rauter, who quickly introduced anti-Jewish legislation. Only a handful of Christian leaders and students protested. In a round-up on February 22-23, 1941, 425 young Jews were herded together on the Jonas Daniel Meijer Square, before being transported to Buchenwald and Mauthausen. Max and two of his brothers were witnesses of this razzia and were the last ones to pass the barrier before they closed the square and arrested the Jews there.

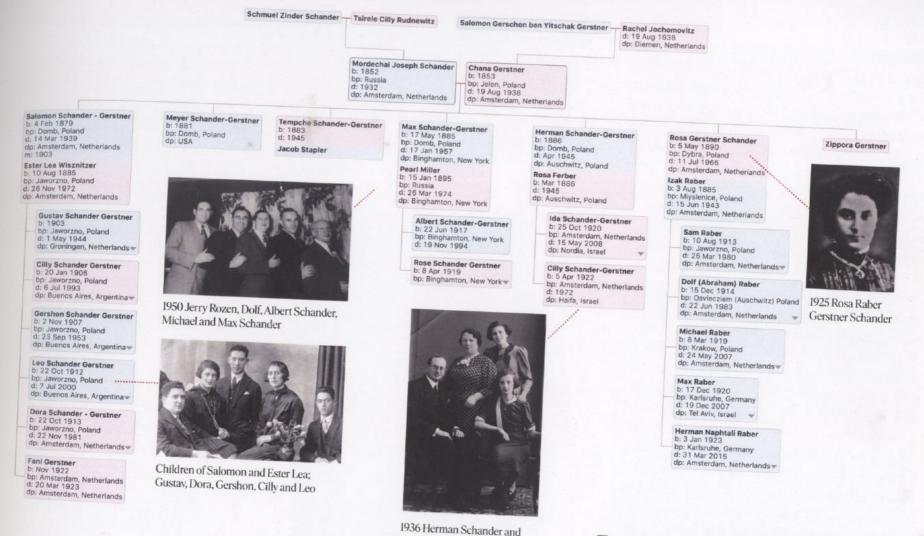
This action provoked a strike (the only one) to protest

against the injustice towards the Jews, led by underground Communist Party. It was called "February strike," and the Nazis broke it in three do From then on the net closed inexorably around the length in Holland.

In 1942 the Nazis turned the Hollandsche Schouwh theater on the Plantage Middenlaan, into a collect point for the Jews en route to the Westerbork trancamp. In the Schouwburg Jewish artists had be performing for Jewish audiences.



1939 Izak and Rosa with their five sons Sam. Max, Michael, Dolf and Herman



Family tree Mordechai Schander and Chana Gerstner

Rosa Ferber with their two daughters Ida and Cilly

Rabers forced into hiding

It was 1941, and the situation for the Raber family was getting more and more perilous. They had fortified their home and had built a secret hiding place behind the door of a cupboard. When they did a trial run, it appeared that their dog, a fox terrier, remained sitting in front of the closet, waiting for them to get out. So they brought the dog to the dogs' asylum and paid in advance for six months (they thought the war would not last longer than that!). The Germans did indeed come to arrest them but were not able to open the fortified hidden door. However, their neighbor offered the Germans entrance through his home, and so they did come in. They took away everything inside but did not find the access door to the secret closet. The family could hear everything in their hiding place and were paralyzed by fear.

In 1942 the Rabers received the feared notice, signed by General Aus der Funten, Hauptstormfuhrer. It stated that all the sons had to report and would be sent to working camps in Germany. They were very well aware that the working camps were more death camps, and father Izak tried frantically to save his sons from this dreaded fate. He managed to convince the head physician of the medical services, Dr. Verschuil, to state that all five sons were treated for tuberculosis. This succeeded, and they were provisionally exempted from reporting. However, they knew very well that this postponement would not be for long.



the last time they were still together as a family, was for perach 1942 when they celebrated seder evening with the corden family. On that evening, father Izak suffered a eart attack and had to be hospitalized. Nobody in the amily was able to accompany him there, for fear for rrest. They called a family member, Yacov Sanowsky, nd he was able to have Izak admitted at the Klimophuis the Prins Hendriklaan with a forged identity card. acov Sanowsky had an Argentinian passport and could nove more freely. None of the family could visit Izak in ospital, they all felt terrible leaving him there all alone. olf took a risk and visited him once. On the way back om the hospital he was supposed to meet Ans van Dijk, member of the illegal underground, who had promised arrange a false identity card for him. However, it preared she worked for the Germans and had Dolf rested, who was first taken to the police station and en to the Hollandsche Schouwburg. Mother Rosa and e four brothers sat at home, in anguish, not knowing hat to do. They asked Yacov Sanowsky again to help t. He brought a backpack with clothes and food to olf. However, Dolf didn't want any of these things. He d an escape plan, and only wanted an overall, which embled the uniforms the people of the Jewish Council re wearing.

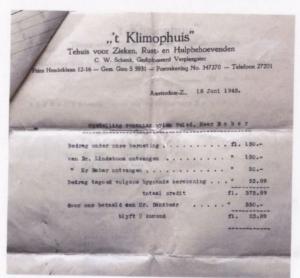
hen Dolf was put on the train to Germany, he was e to jump out of the train, while it was traveling over bridge at the Rietlanden. He landed on a boat and was able to make his way back to the family, who were worried sick, of course. It was not possible to visit their father another time, and he died on June 15, 1943, at the hospital, all alone. Of course, none of his family could attend the funeral. Yacov Sanowsky was able to have him buried at the Nieuwe Ooster Begraafplaats as a gentile. Only after the war, was the family able to give him a proper burial at the Jewish Cemetery in Diemen, where Sam held a hespeet.



1939 Izak Raber



Receipt of the funeral of Izak Raber



Invoice Klimophuis

In June 1943, mother Rosa and her five sons went into hiding. The grocer on the corner, Mr. Wolters, had arranged for their hiding places. For the three older brothers Sam, Dolf and Michael he was able to arrange a place with the Zweep family in the Rontgenstraat in Amsterdam. Mr. Wolters also took care of extra food coupons during their hiding period.

For mother Rosa with the two youngest brothers Max and Herman, he found a place on the Soestdijkstraat in Diemen with Mrs. Tine Venema and her two young children. The husband of Tine was a sailor and away for long periods. Rosa, Max, and Herman lived in a small bedroom (2 x 3 m) with a place for only one single bed, mother Rosa slept on the bed, and her two sons took turns, one sleeping on the bed and one on the floor. In case of a razzia, they had dug out a hole under the floor, which they covered with wooden planks. The Germans had demolished the rows of houses in front of them, so they were the first house after the bridge and were very visible. Therefore they could not open a window or go outside and had to be careful not to be seen from the road. My father remembered spending many terrifying hours, lying in the hole under the floor, and getting soaking wet from the rising groundwater. They would spend the many long, tedious hours with knitting, spinning yarn, changing the soles of shoes, and doing chores for their host, Mrs. Venema.

Towards the end of the war, food supplies became increasingly scarce. After the landing of the Allied Forces on D-Day, conditions grew increasingly severe in the

Nazi-occupied part of The Netherlands. The Allies were able to liberate the southern part of the country, but their liberation efforts came to an abrupt halt, when their attempt to gain control of the bridge across the Rhine at Arnhem, failed. For many, those last months of the war were the worst; it was called "the hunger winter." There was no electricity and no food available. They had to live on sugar beets and tulip bulbs. By the end of the war, they were all so weak they could hardly walk. My father believed that if the war had taken only one week longer, they would not have survived.



1945 Rosa Raber with her five sons Sam., Dolf, Michael, Max and Herman

After the liberation of Holland



1945 Max Raber

Finally, on May 5, 1945, the whole country was liberated by the Canadians and the Allied forces, and the Germans surrendered in defeat. This was the moment everybody had been waiting for, and everyone was thrilled. However, their problems were not yet over. There was chaos and lack of everything.

Before the war, the Rabers had purchased a large house on the Orange Nassaulaan 2. During the war, the house was confiscated by the German Wehrmacht. After the war, the house was used by the 7th brigade of the Dutch army.

Sotheydidn't have a place to go back to. Max remembered that they were living with 14 people in a single room in an apartment in the Marnixstraat. Opposite their house

was a soup kitchen where they could get one meal a day. The first official gathering of the Jewish community after the war at the Portuguese Synagogue made a big impression on Max. It was a tense meeting, nobody knew yet who had survived, and they were looking around trying to find their family and friends. Rabbi Soetendorp spoke, and none of the people present had dry eyes after his speech.

The release of their house on the Orange Nassaulaan was on June 20, 1945, and they could slowly start putting their lives together. In the beginning, two other families were living in, until they found a place to stay.

Liesje, the daughter of the Noorden family, friends of the family, where they had their last seder evening, was also living with them. Her parents were deported, and she stayed with the Raber family until she left for Israel.

There was a happy and welcoming atmosphere at the house, with people always visiting, playing ping pong or chess and lots of parties! After all the hardship of the war years, everyone wanted to live, be happy and enjoy. Mother Rosa, having survived the war with her five sons, was something of a phenomenon in Amsterdam and the family was very well known and respected.



1948 First row sitting: Dolf, Marion, Guta, Leo, Salla, Max and Rosa Standing: Schamme and Dora Bachner (parents of Marion Raber) Lotte, Michael and Simon Ginsberg

The five Raber boys started a leather factory, making handbags, on the lower floor of the Orange Nassaulaan. But already in January 1946, they were able to set up a proper factory under the name I. Raber & Zonen at the Marnixstraat 388.

In 1948 the brothers decided to try and set up a leather factory in Israel, with the idea of making Aliyah with the whole family. They bought the machinery and shipped it to Israel. Brother Herman was chosen to go ahead and prepare all the paperwork to clear the machines at the customs authorities. However, Herman fell ill in Israel, Max and Michael traveled to Israel to assist him and brought him back to Holland.



1946 Rosa Raber with Max, Herman and Sam

After that, they abandoned the Aliyah plan and sold the machinery. Now that they were staying in Holland, they moved the factory to the Nieuwe Herengracht.



1950 Oranje Nassaulaan. On the balcony: Dora Bachner, Dora Gerstner, Salla Raber, Alex Radziner, Ies Gerstner, Dolf Raber, Ester Lea (half visible) Below: Ellen Raber and Lotte Ginsberg with her daughter Tamara



1947 Raber leather factory at the Marnixstraat 388

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Residence card of the Oranje Nassaulaan





STAATSBLAD

VAN HET

KONINKRIJK DER NEDERLANDEN

No. 295 WET van 29 Mei 1952, houdende naturalisatie van Helmuth Konrad Bruno Baumann en 17 anderen.

WII JULIANA, BIJ DE GRATIE GODS, KONINGIN DER NEDERLANDEN, PRINSES VAN ORANJE-NASSAU, ENZ., ENZ., ENZ., ENZ.

Allen, die deze zullen zien of horen lezen, saluut! doen te weten:

Alzo Wij in overweging genomen hebben, dat er aanleiding is tot naturalisatie van Helmuth Konrad Bruno Baumann en 17 anderen, die aan Ons een verzoek daartoe hebben gedaan, met overlegging — wat betreft de in artikel 2 genoemden voor zoveel doenlijk — van de bewijsstukken, bedoeld in artikel 3 der wet van 12 December 1892 (Stb. 268) op het Nederlanderschap en het ingezetenschap, laatstelijk gewijzigd bij de wet van 21 December 1951 (Stb. 593);

Zo is het, dat Wij, de Raad van State gehoord, en met gemeen overleg der Staten-Generaal, hebben goedgevonden en verstaan, gelijk Wij goedvinden en verstaan bij deze:

Artikel 1

De hoedanigheid van Nederlander wordt bij deze verleend aan:

- Helmuth Konrad Bruno Baumann, geboren te Kerkrade (Limburg) 23 Februari 1922, assistent-bedrijfsleider in een naaldenfabriek, wonende te Vaals, provincie Limburg;
- Maria Benz, geboren te Kaiserslautern (Duitsland) 15 Januari 1901, huishoudster, wonende te Amsterdam, provincie Noordholland;
- 3* Simon Fischer, geboren te Rosenheim (Duitsland) 21 December 1905, coupeur-bedrijfsleider, wonende te Groningen, provincie Groningen;
- 4°. Jan Gaedike, geboren te Rotterdam (Zuidholland) 22 December 1914, schilder, wonende te Rotterdam, provincie Zuidholland;
- Roza Gersiner, weduwe van Isaak Raber, geboren te Dybri (Polen) 3 Juli 1890, zonder beroep, wonende te Amsterdam, provincie Noordholland;

Zie voor de behandeling in de Staten-Generaal: Bijl. Hand. II 51/52, 2483; Hand. II 51/52, bladz. 2306; Bijl. Hand. I 51/52, 2483; Hand. I 51/52, bladz. 898—899.



center: Rosa Raber-Gerstners' formal announcement of her naturalisation in 1952 left: 1947 at the wedding of Dolf and Marion, two pictures: Rosa & Max, and Rosa with her sister in law Ester Lea Schander Gerstner, and Ester Lea's sister Rochyma Wisnitzer right top: Rosa in 1954 bottom: 1957 Rosa & Salla

Love is in the air

Only recently, while talking to my aunt Marion Raber-Bachner, did I hear the story of how the Raber brothers met their future wives in those early years after the war.

First post-war wedding

After the war, Marion stayed for a while with her family in London. She was recuperating from her detention at the concentration camp Bergen Belsen. She returned to Amsterdam in April 1946 to attend the wedding of Ida Schander Gerstner and Israel Zilberberg in Amsterdam. Ida was the daughter of Herman and Rosa, both her parents were murdered in Auschwitz. Ida had a strong bond with her aunt Rosa Raber and her five cousins.

The wedding of Ida and Israel was a memorable affair. Israel Zilberberg was one of the soldiers of the Jewish Brigade Group. This group was the only Jewish military unit to serve in the British army in World War II. It was made up mainly of Jews from Palestine. The Brigade was visiting Amsterdam in 1946 after their participation in the International Four Days Marches in Nijmegen. When the Raber family heard that they were in town, they organized a special reception at their home at the Orange Nassaulaan 2. It was love at first sight for Ida Schander Gerstner and one of the soldiers; Israel Zilberberg. They married on April 7, 1946. It was one of the first weddings to be held at the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue in Amsterdam after the war.

The atmosphere was magical; everyone was dancing in the street.

Israel Zilberberg built a "Dutch" home for his wife, Ida in Hadar Am, a moshav in Central Israel where more immigrants from Holland had settled. They had three children; Vardit, Avishai and Ron, who were born and raised in Israel, got married and had children of their own. Over the years they kept in contact with the Rabers in Amsterdam. After Mark and I made aliyah, we became very close with this warm and loving family branch.





1946 Chupah Ida Schander Gerstner with Israel Zilberberg at the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue in Amsterdam. Reception followed at the Raber residence at the Oranje Nassaulaan 2 (see add in the Jewish newspaper NIW)



One handbag & 5 weddings

When Marion and Ellen were 17 and 19 years old, they had become friends. Their families both originated from Berlin, a logical link. In the summer of 1946, they both went to a Jewish camp in Belgium (Bachat), where they met Dolf and Michael Raber. By coincidence, shortly after the camp, Marion's mother, Dora Bachner, needed to repair her handbag and went to the Raber leather factory. Marion accompanied her mother that day, and Sam Raber received them. He told Marion that they were organizing dancing lessons at their house in the Oranje Nassaulaan, after Rosh Hashanah.

He invited her to come and bring other girlfriends. Marion asked Ellen to come along, and Max Raber asked Lotte Melzer, who brought her good friend, Salla Radziner.



1947 Sam Raber in front of the Raber leather factory



1947 Lotte Meltzer and Salla Radziner at the wedding of Marion and Dolf





Photographs from Marion and Ellen Raber found in the municipal archives in Amsterdam

The Raber boys are getting married

Marion and Dolf fell in love and were the first ones to marry on October 12, 1947. On the evening of their Chupah, Sam decided to ask Ellen to marry him. Ellen had left for the United States in the spring of 1947, but after the phone call of Sam, she returned to Amsterdam, and they got married on March 21, 1948. In those days it was not easy to find housing and both Dolf and Marion and Sam and Ellen moved in at the Orange Nassaulaan, with Rosa, Max, Heiner and Herman Raber. It was a huge house, and with a few changes, they each had their own apartment, Marion on the top floor and Ellen on the lower level. In the meantime, my mother, Salla, had started to date my father, Max Raber. Their Chupah was on June 11, 1950, also at the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue in Amsterdam. Max was the first brother to move out of the house on the Oranje Nassaulaan because Salla already had an apartment at the Jekerstraat 21, where she was living with Alex.

In 1956 Michael married Ans Klein and in 1965 Herman married Bertie Keizer.



1947 Chupah Dolf Raber and Marion Bachner



1948 Chupah Sam Raber and Ellen Levy. Here Max is asking for the first dance with his new sister in law Ellen



1950 Chupah Max Raber and Salla Radziner



1955 Chupah Michael Raber and Ans Klein



1965 Chupah Herman Raber en Bertie Keizer

Loyalty prevails

The bond between the Raber brothers was remarkable and a marvelous example of family loyalty. They would always help each other in any way they could and were ready to move mountains for each other.

At first, they all lived together at the Orange Nassaulaan. When they moved out they all found apartments within walking distance from each other in the South of Amsterdam. My father instilled in me this rule that the loyalty to the family would always prevail above anything else. All five of them treated their mother Rosa with the highest respect, love, and attention.

When the brothers got married, it was evident that the wives had to play an essential part in this special close family relationship. It seemed like a challenging goal to reach, but they made it happen!

All the sisters in law had an excellent relationship. For the high holidays and special celebrations, they together catered all the food, and each one of them was proud to show off her specialty. Salla, Marion, and Ellen became each other's best friends. Together with Ans and Bertie, they cooked and baked and made every family gathering a culinary feast. The family was the center of their lives. They all treasured the warmth of the family life, the support and loyalty, the fun times being together, and the hustle and bustle at the Oranje Nassaulaan.



1950 Ellen, Sam, Salla, Max, Marion at the civil marriage of Max and Salla



1965 Marion, Salla, Ans and Ellen welcoming their new sister in law Bertie in the family. Next to Bertie the daughter of Ans and Michael; Esther



1955 The cousins Bob, John, Vera, Jef, Jerry, Micha Raber

Max and Salla



Chupah Max and Salla



Ketubah Max Raber and Salla Radziner

After their marriage Max moved into the Jekerstraat together with Salla and Alex. Slightly over a year later, I was born on September 12, 1951. I was named after my grandmother, Fajga. Fajga/Feigele means bird, Zipora in Hebrew, and this is my Hebrew name. My mother loved the name Vera, and my father preferred the name Yvonne, they agreed on calling me, Vera Yvonne.

I thrived on all the attention of not only my doting parents but also of my uncle Alex, who loved to play and

spend time with me. When I was two years old, Alex decided to leave for the U.S, together with his hiding parents, and to start a new life. A tough decision for him, to leave his loved ones and the warm nest, but he had to try something new and didn't see his future in Holland. Two and a half years later, on April 6, 1954, my brother Jerry was born. For Max and Salla, it was time to look for a larger apartment, and they moved to the Beethovenstraat 108'.



1953 Salla Raber with her new born son Jerry and her daughter Vera



Alex holding his newly born niece Vera

Our childhood

Salla adored her two children and was a very dedicated mother. Both Jerry and I grew up with lots of love, attention, warmth, and family. Our birthday parties were phenomenal, with lots and lots of presents, all heaped high on the dresser in the living room. The summers were a big feast, with the whole family moving to Zandvoort for a period of 6 to 8 weeks. Salla and Max had an agreement with the owners of a house in Zandvoort, Mr. and Mrs. Bouquet, that they could rent their home every summer. Mary, our housekeeper, would come as well and cook wonderful meals. There was always a huge puzzle on a table in the corner that had to be finished. As soon as the sun would come out, everybody would gather at "tentje 3" on the beach in Zandvoort. There, other members of the family would join, and the children would play for hours in the sand, with the big family tribe sitting around them.



Salla was passionate about reading and we were her captive audience



1955 Salla with Vera and Jerry



1952 Vera's first birthday amidst all the presents, note the world atlas in the back!



1954 Bob, Vera and John



 $1957\, The\, young\, Raber\, clan\, in\, Zandvoort\, at\, ``tentje\, 3"$

Schooling and Paris

My mother was very impressed with the Montessori School curriculum, and I attended the Montessori pre-school, elementary school, and high school, Montessori Lyceum. However, in 3rd-grade high school, I started to dislike the lyceum, felt that I didn't fit in. My mother sensed that something was wrong, talked to me and offered to send me to the Jewish high school, Maimonides. From the day I entered Maimonides, I felt at home. There was a different atmosphere, it felt like family, and I loved it. My best friend became Felien Ejlenberg, little did I know that she would become my sister in law! We became inseparable and did everything

together. When we both finished our final exams, the big question of what next popped up. We were still so young, but for my mother, it was clear that we needed to get out of our protected environment. Marion remembered that she had long talks with Salla about this decision. Salla found it so hard to let me go, but remembered her protected youth in Łódź, with her mother, grandmother and all her uncles hovering over her. She wanted to give her daughter wings, to feel free and get a life experience in a different surrounding.

Felien and I went for a year to Paris to learn the French language. We did courses at the Sorbonne and the Alliance Francaise and lived at the Centre des Jeunes Juif, Boulevard de la Saussaye in Neuilly. In letters, we

The inseparable and did everything of Juli, Bothevard de la Satussaye in Neurily. In letters, we

1972 Felien Ejlenberg and Vera Raber

complained about the food, and my mother being the Jewish mother that she was, started to send us home-baked apple cake and whole baked chickens!! We had no fridge in our room, so we kept the food in the roof gutter. When it rained, it was my turn, having no fear of heights, to save our precious food from swimming away down the drain pipe. We loved our stay in Paris, and still, both agree that it was the best year ever. After we returned to Amsterdam, I started to date Mark, Felien's brother.



1969 Felien and Vera receiving their diplomas from Schoevers

Wedding bells and anniversary

On December 19, 1971, Mark Ejlenberg and I got married in the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue. It was Chanukah and for the family lunch at the Hilton Hotel Dolf and Marion made more than 50 personal wooden menorot for all the male guests.

Our son Sander Daniel was born in 1975 and our daughter Naomi Rosalie in 1977.

In 1975, for the 25th wedding anniversary of Max and Salla, we organized a big celebration and invited all the family and friends on a boat cruise along the Amsterdam channels. My brother Jerry, a fantastic composer, and writer of songs wrote some beautiful songs. At the end of the day, the boat moored near our apartment in the Dirk Schäferstraat 37, where an extensive buffet awaited the crowd.



1971 Salla and Vera preparing the engagement dinner at the Beethovenstraat



Dancing the Horah at Mark and Vera's Chupah.



the welcome song at our Chupah Feigele und Moshe. My mother's contacts with the members of the An-ski Yiddish theatre were useful; they wrote some exceptional Yiddish songs for our wedding. Herewith the original paper of the welcome song in Yiddish.



1971 Chupah lunch, lighting the hand made menorot





Deck of cards containing menu and songs for Chupah celebration

Hong Kong

Just before Naomi was born, Mark was offered to open a brand new branch of Pierson, Heldring & Pierson in Hong Kong. We decided to accept the offer, and on March 1978 we departed for our Hong Kong adventure. Max and Salla were not only worried; they were terrified! Hong Kong, for them, was the other end of the world, and they dreaded the idea of not being close to their daughter and grandchildren. Elaborate letters were exchanged weekly. Small mail packages with surprises for the children arrived regularly, and also long-distance calls helped a little bit to bridge the distance. Salla did not complain but missed her grandchildren terribly. Every summer, Mark, Vera, and the children would travel to Amsterdam for at least six weeks to soak up all the love and attention. Max and Salla also traveled several times to Hong Kong in the wintertime, and together we made several beautiful trips with the family to Thailand, Malaysia, and the Philippines.



before they leave for Hong Kong



1979 Rosh Hashanah the four men in our family getting ready to go to the synagogue Max, Jerry, Mark and Sander



1977 Sander and Naomi receiving their new passports to leave for Hong Kong



1977 Salla with Sander at the beach



Back to Amsterdam and Sander's barmitswah

In May 1986, Mark, Vera, Sander, and Naomi returned to Amsterdam and Salla and Max were in heaven. They doted on their grandchildren, and no request was too much and no hurdle too high to please, entertain and feed them their favorite dishes. One of the incentives to come back to Amsterdam, was for the grandchildren to spend more time with their grandparents, and we will

always be grateful for that decision.

Sander's Barmitswah on 8-8-1988 was a big event, which lasted three days. Jerry had kindly offered the use of his house for the festivities and the Friday evening dinner for the family and friends from overseas took place there. On Shabbat Sander layned his parasha "Shoftim" at the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue, followed by a kiddush at the newly refurbished Concertgebouw. On Sunday the dinner was held at "Kibbutz" Edha Husid, a location in Holland which was renamed especially for that evening.

The highlight of the dinner was the musical "Schatz," written by Jerry on the music of Cats. Jerry performed a masterwork, with many meaningful and beautifully written songs. Many years later, guests who were present that evening can still remember the songs.

Salla participated happily in many of the songs and had a solo song together with Tola (Mark's mother), in which both grandmothers sang about their amazing grandchild.



The Barmitswah boy with his grandparents: Salla, Max, Pinek, Tola



1988 Sander's Barmitswah at the "Kibbutz Edda Husid"

Salla's 70th birthday celebration

The next big family party was for Salla's 70th birthday, on July 4, 1989. From Los Angeles Guta, Leon and Alex came over as a surprise for Salla. Centa traveled from Israel. All the family and friends were present at the garden party in Mark and Vera's house on Nederhoven 45. Sander had designed a beautiful invitation and printed t-shirts; the theme was cards because Salla and Max loved to play cards. We had created a book "A Brievele der Mamme," with letters from her friends and family all over the world. There were some memorable songs composed by Jerry, good food, good company, all in all, the best party ever!

The book "A Brievele der Mamme" is an exhibition of love and respect for Salla; the stories written have provided such a significant contribution to this book.





Salla cutting her birthday cake with Naomi and Yaela





Salla receiving the Liber Amicorum "A Brievele der Mamme"







July 4, 1989 Salla's 70th birthday party. First row: Sander with Yaela on his shoulders, Stephanie, Naomi, Mirjam, Ilanith, Lilly, Suzy. Second row: Vera, Jerry, Alex, Salla, Marion, Doortje Third row: Joan, Guta, Betty, Micha N, Mary, Max D, Pinek, Tola, Bertie, John, Judith, Herman, Centa, Jef, Leon. Fourth row: Loek, Max, Hella, Felien, Judith, Bob, Micha, Mark

Invitation for Salla's 70th birthday party, designed by Sander

Mourning

A day after the party, in the best of moods, I visited Salla at the Beethovenstraat. When she looked at me, I saw that her eyes were yellow. This seemed strange, and I suggested that she should visit the doctor. Alas, the verdict was disastrous, she had pancreas cancer, which had already spread to the vital organs. Salla died four weeks later on August 7, 1989. We were all devastated; this was so unexpected and so unfair. We did not know how to cope with this sudden loss and were overcome by grief.



Salla's tombstone at the Diemen cemetery



January 1989, the last picture of Salla taken in Eilat, where she and Max were on holiday

Naomi's batmitswah

In good Jewish tradition during a year of mourning, we changed our plans for Naomi's Batmitzwah celebrations, which were to be held three months later. We kept it low key and made a family dinner at our home on Nederhoven for the Friday evening and organized a sporting event for her friends on Sunday. We did promise her though, that we would make up for it at her wedding, which we did.



Invitation and menu designed by Sander



1989 Naomi the Batmitswah girl



1989 Batmiswah family dinner at Nederhoven



Jerry

Jerry married Sanny Fortuin in 1981. Their daughter, Yaela, was born on January 28, 1984. Salla was in heaven; with her two grandchildren in Hong Kong, she now had a new granddaughter close by. However, the marriage between Jerry and Sanny did not last, and they divorced in 1986. For Salla, this was a terrible blow. She wanted so much to protect Yaela from all the sorrow of a divorce. She tried to spend as much time as possible with Yaela and overloaded her with love and attention. Of all the grandchildren, Yaela had the closest bond with Salla. In later years Yaela would be a regular guest on our Shabbat dinners, and she became very close with us. Characterwise I think Yaela is the one who resembles most her grandmother. With her optimism, energy, stamina, and perseverance, she is a worthy successor to continue Salla's legacy.

In 1989 Jerry married Joan Lopies, and their son Aryeh Shai was born on September 25, 1989. It is a pity that Aryeh never got the chance to get know his grandmother. The marriage between Jerry and Joan also dissolved, and for the last 25 years, Jerry has been happily together with his life partner Mimjo de Jong.

Both Jerry and I told our children and grandchildren lots of beautiful stories about their (great) grandmother. The song Luli Luli Terlenka (a Polish lullaby), which she always sang for us, was translated by Jerry in Dutch and all our grandchildren love this song. In this and many more ways her memory lives on in future generations.



1989 Vera, Salla, Jerry



2002 Vera and Jerry visiting Max in Israel before he undergoes open heart surgery



2006 Jerry and Yaela



1989 Opa Max proudly holding his newborn grandsoft Aryeh Shai

Mary Savelsbergh

Mary, for most of her life, was an integral part of our family. Mary was born in Heerlen, in the southern part of Holland and spoke with a soft "g," which is the local dialect.

She became a housekeeper in our family two months before I was born at the age of 22. Previously she had taken care of Leny and Elli when Guta, Leon, and Danni left for Argentine to start a life there. My mother got to know Mary then, and when Leny and Elli reunited with their family in Argentine, Salla asked Mary to come and work for her.

Mary's sister Ans lived in Ugchelen with her family, near Apeldoorn. Her husband was a forester. Mary visited them regularly, and several times, she brought Jerry and me along, and we stayed there for a couple of days. It was always a fantastic experience for us, who were only used to city life, to be in the middle of the woods and learn about nature. Her brother Max was a stockbroker at the Amsterdam Stock Exchange and came to visit many times.

Salla, who was an excellent cook, passed on to Mary all her recipes for the Jewish and Eastern European cuisine, which she knew from home. Mary was a good student and perfected the Jewish recipes; her galarette, gefillte fish, and latkes were out of this world. I can still dream of her Hemelse Modder, Hussi Mussi, Vanille Auflauf, stuffed veal, meatloaf with an egg inside, sweet and sour eggs, perfectly cooked entrecôte and much more.



1952 Mary and Vera



1955 Jerry, Mary and Vera

Food was a significant item in our family, and everything revolved around meals. Every morning Salla and Mary would have a meeting about the menu for that day. They made long lists of what to order and what to prepare. With Mary cooking all the meals, Salla missed the creative part of the cooking and dedicated herself to baking cakes. It was evident that in our house you would never go hungry!

Much planning went into the preparation for the Jewish holidays and the birthdays. Everyone loved to be invited to the Beethovenstraat for any event because it was always fun and well prepared with fantastic food and lots and lots of it.



1957 Mary with Vera and Jerry in the Beethovenstraat

Mary was an intelligent woman who read a lot and had an excellent memory. She was knowledgeable in many fields: sport, the latest movies, politics, geography, gossip on the movie stars, on every topic she could tell you something interesting. Circumstances after the war had made her decide to become a housekeeper, and after a few years, she got so attached and involved with our family that she never left. In later years she developed

agoraphobia, which is fear of public places and crowds, resulting in panic attacks. She confined herself more and more to our home, where she felt safe, and after a while did not go out at all.



Salla and Mary in the fifties in Zandvoort

She loved my brother and me as her own children and did not hesitate to get angry if we were naughty. She had a great sense of humor and loved to play tricks. Her most courageous act ever was for sure, traveling to Hong Kong with us to help us settle there. Also, after both Jerry and I were married and had left the house, Mary stayed involved in our lives

and spoiled our children with lots of love, attention, games, and toys. During the Hong Kong years, Sander and Naomi would spend every summer in Holland. When they arrived, the lego city was built in full on the big coffee table. All the Playmobil was sorted,

and hundreds of empty yogurt cans were piled up in thallway to be made into huge castles. The toyshop Pru on Beethovenstraat 58, always did great business preparation for our arrival in Amsterdam!

Salla was Mary's best friend, and after she died, Mary winconsolable, but she remained at the Beethovenstra and took care of Max. Only much later did she rent flat for herself, for the first time in her life. I helped his choose the furniture and decorate; Mary was as happy a little girl. It was a pity that her health deteriorated soo after she moved into her apartment. She was a heaving smoker all her life and died of lung cancer on August 2-2001, at the age of 73.



1978 Mary's biggest sacrifice coming with us to Hong Kong. Here having fun in the kitchen with Sander and Naomj



1981 Mary and Sander sitting on the couch in the Beethovenstraat



1970 Mary at work



Sander and Naomi with yogurt cans which Mary saved

Traditions at the Raber family

What seemed perfectly normal at the time to me, is nowadays a huge exception. All the brothers Raber and their families had more or less the same level of practicing their Jewish religion.

Jacob Obrecht synagogue

After the war, the first service that took place at the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue was on Rosh Hashana 1945. The Raber brothers were present. The shul became the hub of the family's religious life and religious life in general in Amsterdam.

Raw Aron Schuster was the Chief Rabbi, and there was an excellent relationship with the Rabers. Raw Schuster married all the five brothers Raber in this synagogue. After he died, they renamed the synagogue to Raw Aron Schuster Synagogue.

Raber kiddush

The five brothers always attended the Shabbat services at the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue, and after the service, the whole family would gather for the kiddush. At first, they held it at the Orange Nassaulaan 2. When Rosa Raber moved to Bachstraat 21, the kiddush moved to the new location.



1964 Raw Schuster in between Rosa Raber and Herman Raber



1952 From left to right Dora and Schamme Bachner, Sam Raber, Max holding Vera, Rosa Raber, Lotte Ginsberg, Ruth and Heini Hausknechty, Marion Raber and Salla

The sisters in law had set up a schedule who was to bake the cakes for that specific week, and the women in charge would come earlier on Shabbat to set the tables and prepare the drinks. Recipes such as Marion's yeast chocolate cake, which had been handed down from generation to generation, the apricot squares of Ans and Salla's apple cake became world-famous.

The whole family was always there, every Shabbat, and very often friends or other relatives also joined in. The number of attendants varied between 20-40 people. The attendance grew more significant as the family expanded with all the children bringing their partners and sometimes their parents. The Rabers had an open house and welcomed everybody.



1983 Raber family together in front of the Hilton Hotel in Amsterdam. First row: Chanan, Dan, Jacob, Pinchas, Rikkie, Shosha, Rachel, Naomi, Barbara, Naomi. Second row: Judith, Mirjam, Vera, Esther. Third row: Micha, Ellen, Ans, Herman, Bertie, Salla, Anneke, Marion, Sander. Fourth row: Mark, Michael, Max, Bob, Jef

The weekly Raber kiddush on Shabbat was an absolute unique family event.

Seen in perspective, from the 200.000 Jewish inhabitants in the Netherlands before the war, only 20.000 people survived. After the war, so many families were broken and missing their loved ones. Rosa Raber and her five sons, all of whom survived, were an exception in Jewish Amsterdam. Moreover, they were a close and united family, all of whom kept Jewish traditions. Every family member, without limitation, made sure to be part of the tradition and was a proud member of the family.

The Jewish holidays

Besides the weekly kiddush, the celebration of the Jewish holidays played a significant part in our lives. We would get new clothes and new shoes and weeks before the excitement was already building up with all the preparation for the festive meals.

For Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, we would walk to the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue. There we would meet the rest of the family. In the womens gallery I would sit between my mother and her friend Lotte Ginsberg on the last row and in front of us were my aunts, Marion with her mother Dora Bachner, Ellen with her mother Erna Levy and in later years daughters and daughters in law would join, filling up the row admirably.

We could see all the Raber men from above, and it was an impressive group in a packed synagogue. They formed the core of the Jacob Obrecht Synagogue and were

highly respected members.

Even today, when I sit in that particular seat (117/118) in the shul, my mind goes back to those days, and I can still feel this warm feeling of belonging. We always laughed and whispered a lot, not paying too much attention to our prayer books. We listened to the beautiful voice of Chazan Blumendal and his famous choir. All those wonderful melodies are imprinted in my memory.

After the service, we had our first meeting point on the street opposite the synagogue. There the entire family would gather and then as a group; we would slowly walk through the Beethovenstraat. Our second meeting point was on the corner Beethovenstraat-Gerrit v.d. Veenstraat, and then the corner Stadionweg. We would

stop and keep on talking as if we hadn't seen each other for a long time! Later family members split ways, each going to their own home.

Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, we would, of course, all be at the synagogue again. On this most important holiday of the year, we would be more serious, feeling the importance and seriousness of the holiday. My father gave me a set of prayer books with Dutch translation. They were his pre-war prayer books that were saved. He had them leather-bound with his name embossed on the front cover. The last few hours before the Ne'ila prayer would always be the hardest, no food and nothing to drink for 24 hours, with so many people cramped in the women's gallery, the air stifling and standing for the most of the prayers. By sunset, the service would draw to an end. First, my father would take his son under his talit, silently reciting the Shema Yisrael, as did my uncles with their sons. In later years he would take his grandson Sander under the talit, a tradition Sander is continuing with his sons Max and Lev. Looking down, we would see the men with the prayer shawls over their heads, an impressive sight, which I will never forget. Then the prayers would ultimately end with total silence. Only the long monotonous tone of the shofar, the Tekia Gedolah, could be heard, the last reminder for introspection. After the service, we would again gather with the whole family for the breaking of the fast.



2016 A wonderful tradition Rosh Hashanah lunch at the home of Mirjam and Raoul Heertje Raber: Front row: Mark Ejlenberg, Mirjam & Noa Heertje, Micha Raber, Vera Ejlenberg, Yaela, Sarai, Ofir & Yair Betsalel, just before their departure to New Zealand. Middle row: Ilanith Eiselin, Judith & John Raber, Galith Eiselin, Suzy & Shasha Raber, Noa, Tal & Amit Silberberg, Betty Heertje, Shasha Ejlenberg, Arnold Heertje. Back row: Sander & Max Ejlenberg, Stephanie Raber, Jesse Eiselin, Ron Silberberg, Aryeh Raber, Raoul Heertje

Parties

They loved to party at the Raber family, and everything was done in house, no catering company or party organizer ever earned a penny in our family! There were Purim parties, Chanuka parties, birthday parties, anniversary parties, and a lot of effort and preparation went into each event.



2005 Rabers celebrating Purim at Nederhoven, home of Mark and Vera



1952 Max, Salla, Marion and Dolf



1973 Sam and Ellen at their 25th wedding anniversary



1957 Max doing a fashion show for Purim



1951 New Years Eve at the home of the Bachners



1972 25th anniversary Marion & Dolf. 4 layer cake made by Salla



Passover

However, of all the Jewish holidays, Passover was the biggest challenge of them all. Already 6 to 8 weeks before, meetings were set up with Marion, Ellen, Ans, Bertie and Salla and large lists were made of all the work to be done and who was in charge. Everyone had a kosher home, and first, all the preparations for Pesach had to be made. I remember clearly all the buckets and barrels with water in our house, in which we would soak all our glassware for three days, to kasher it for Pesach. All the cupboards were cleaned, the regular dishes and cooking ware had to be stowed away, and the special Pesach dinnerware and pots and pans brought out. Everything was scrubbed and cleaned. It was an enormous job.

Not only did they all have to do this in their own homes, but also together they cleaned and prepared the kitchen in the Orange Nassaulaan and later the Bachstraat. They needed all hands on deck, so from an early age, I was part of this fantastic catering team! Everyone had their specialty, and I know that our task was the gefillte fish (stuffed fish, usually carp). Why this was not an easy task, I have to be more precise:

Our local fishmonger "van Asch" delivered the carps alive and we let them swim in our bathtub, till it was their time to be prepared. My mother would give each fish, on their turn, a knock on the head, with the back of a huge cleaver knife in our kitchen. Even after they were dead, the carps would still make a few movements with their tails! After cleaning, a few carps were deboned and

minced and made into balls. The rest of the carps were cut up in slices, with the heads left alone. Each slice would be stuffed with minced carp and cooked carefully together so that it would not fall apart. After cooking for a few hours in huge pans, the gefillte fish would be ready as a major delicacy.

The carps' head was my mom's favorite part of the gefillte fish. The rest of the family would get a piece topped with a slice of carrot, served with a horseradish mixture called chrein on the side. The saying goes that one would get smarter eating the carps brain.

Ans was famous for her meatballs and would cook all the hardboiled eggs. Marion could make the juiciest veal and roast beef, just a little bit rose from the inside and Ellen was in charge of the charoset, the chrein, the salad and a special Pesach cake with chocolate and strawberries. Although it was a crazy amount of work, the atmosphere was always fun, and we all laughed a lot. It felt great to be part of this super team.

Then, after weeks of preparation, it was the morning of the Seder evening. We would all meet at the Oranje Nassaulaan (or later at the Bachstraat) and bring our prepared delicacies. The rental company delivered the tables and chairs, and we would set the tables for around 40 people with the special silver, plates, and glassware. I was part of the table setting team and remember clearly all the excitement and preparation. In the kitchen, the women were busy preparing all the foods, the seder plates, the charoset, and marror, peeling 40 eggs, radishes, salads, etc. Then we would all go home to wash

and change our clothes and be on time once again for the start of the evening.

We always celebrated two seder evenings together, and Michael or Herman would lead the reading of the Haggadah. I vividly and fondly remember these wonderful, magical evenings. The children were allowed to sit together, John, Bob, Jef, Micha, Jerry, Mirjam, Esther, Jacob, and me. We had lots of fun together and were probably drinking too much wine. We read the entire Haggada, and the best part was all the songs, "bimheera" with a loud bang on the table was our favorite. In the Orange Nassaulaan, the food would come up from the kitchen on the lower floor in a food elevator to the dining room on the first floor. I have always thought this elevator was the invention of the century.

Then came the cleaning "after-party." This was amazingly efficient. Domestic help washed dishes in the kitchen, and with everybody helping out, in 30 minutes, the tables were set for the next evening.



2018 Pesach in Amsterdam Max, Ava and Lev

Grandmother Rosa's demise

When my grandmother Rosa Raber fell seriously ill at the age of 76, her sons were devastated. She remained at home in her apartment in the Bachstraat, and the whole family was huddled together, supporting each other, and telling stories. I very much remember those long hours, sitting together in the dark living room with its old oversized furniture, that was much more suitable for the Oranje Nassaulaan then the apartment. When the call came that Rosa was about to die, the five sons entered the bedroom, and I was there too. Seeing these dear, strong, grown-up men all crying, reciting the Shema, is

something I will never forget.

After Rosa Raber passed away on July 11, 1966, the family kiddush on Shabbat and the holiday celebrations continued at the home of Herman and Bertie in the Bachstraat, who lived on the first floor above the apartment of grandmother Rosa.



1960 Rosa Raber Schander Gerstner

Rosa Raber Schander Gerstner was buried at the Diemen Cemetery, next to her husband Izak Raber, who passed away 23 years earlier. Our daughter Naomi Rosalie was named after her.



1990 Party for Marion's mother Dora Bachner on the occasion of her 90th birthday with all guests in costumes from the 1900 era



2003 Batmitswah Sasha Raber, youngest daughter of Micha and Suzie



2018 Marion Raber celebrating her 90th birthday in Amsterdam. **First row**: Hella, Bob, Itai, Marion, Rikkie, Jef, John, Judith, Anneke Second row: Roi, Liad, Chagiet, Vera, Lilly, Mirjam, Marijke & Carlawie (friends Marion), Suzy, Benjamin, Yair, Judith, Rita, Harold & Nicolien (friends Marion). Third row: Loek, Dan, Micha, Pinnie

Max and Hila

My father had a tough time after my mother passed away. He had never lived on his own and was very lonely and miserable.

Three years after Salla's death, Cilly Schupper approached me. She was a bit shy but told me she knew my mother so well; she was sure she was handling in my mothers' spirit. She had a girlfriend; Hila Halberstam, who was alone after her husband had passed away. She asked for permission to introduce her to my father because she knew my mother wouldn't like my father to continue his life alone. Well, it worked, and they got together and had a Chupah. They decided to set up their lives together half in Amsterdam, living in my fathers' apartment in the Beethovenstraat and half in Tel Aviv, living in Hila's apartment on Wissotsky street.

Hila was born in Germany. After Kristallnacht, her parents being terrified decided to send their children to safer places as soon as possible. They put their

eldest son on a train to France to a family member and sent the remaining three brothers and two sisters with the "kinder transport" to Holland. When the train arrived in Holland, two families took care of the children; they lived in Deventer and learned the Dutch language. Just before the end of the war they were betrayed and put on

a transport to Auschwitz. Only Hila survived the hell, and after the war, she joined her only surviving brother in France. There she married and had three sons. In 1973 the family made Aliyah and settled in Tel Aviv.

When Max and Hila got together in 1992, they were still able to enjoy the good life together during the following 13 years. They were good companions. Both liked to travel, go to the movies, enjoy good food, loved swimming, and found a good balance between their children and grandchildren in Amsterdam and Tel Aviv. Hila spoke many languages fluently: to my father, she spoke in German, to her beloved dog, Bubbi, only in French, to us she spoke in Dutch and in Israel she conversed in Hebrew.

In December 1995, for the 75th birthday of my father, we organized a big party in Tel Aviv at the Yamit Hotel. All the children and grandchildren were present, and many family members and friends came over to share in the

festivities. Jerry composed some beautiful and meaningful songs. A truly memorable celebration.

Max and Hila were very proud to be present at the Chupah of Naomi and Daniel in 2000. Our daughter Naomi had an excellent relationship with Hila.



Passport Hila Halberstam



1995 Max and Hila with Cilly and Sam Schupper at the 75th birthday party of Max Raber in Tel Aviv



1993 Hila and Max



2000 Chupah Daniel Lobatto and Naomi Ejlenberg From left to right Mark, Hila, the happy couple, Vera, Max, Tola Ejlenberg

In 2005, just before her 80th birthday, Hila fell seriously ill and had to be taken to a hospital. For over a year, my father visited her every day. Sitting at her bedside, telling her stories and bringing her flowers. Hila was no longer able to communicate, but my father was convinced she could see and hear him. I very much admired my father for showing her so much love and loyalty. When the Jewish New Year was approaching, I urged my father to take a break from the daily hospital visits and spend the $holidays\,with\,us\,in\,Amsterdam.\,Just\,before\,departing\,for$ the airport he told Hila he was leaving for a few days. The moment his airplane landed in Amsterdam, he got the news that she had died in the meantime. The moment he left, she had let go and died peacefully in her sleep. Together with my father, we flew back the next day for the funeral and then returned to Amsterdam, where my father sat shiva at the Beethovenstraat.



2005 the womens division visiting opa Max in Beth Juliana; Yaela, Yasmin, Vera, Naomi, Max

Max in Beth Juliana

After Hila passed away, Max moved to a Dutch nursing home in Herzliya, Beth Juliana. Together we decorated his apartment. To cheer him up for his first birthday alone at Beth Juliana, we organized a "girls trip." His two granddaughters Yaela and Naomi, with his first great-granddaughter, Yasmin only 2,5 months old and myself. He was thrilled with this visit, and it helped him overcome the first difficult period at Beth Juliana. He settled in very nicely after that, and with his natural charm and friendliness, he was very much liked. Cilly Schupper was his neighbor and helped him a lot to feel at home there. Whenever we visited, we would take him one evening to a restaurant in Yaffo where he could eat goose liver. It was his absolute favorite against the advice of his doctors, who told him not to eat fatty foods, but forbidden food can taste even better!

Max came for the wedding of his granddaughter Yaela in August 2006 in Amsterdam and was as proud as can be. In 2007 Mark and I bought a small apartment in Yaffo, which made it easier to travel back and forth and be more frequently with my father in Israel. Max went through a difficult period after he suffered a stroke and had to move to the intensive care department of Beth Juliana. A couple of months later, he contracted pneumonia and passed away on December 19, 2007. We were able to fulfill his last wish and transported his coffin to Amsterdam. There he could be buried at the Diemen cemetery next to Salla and join his brothers, parents and great parents.



2000 Chupah Daniel Lobatto and Naomi Ejlenberg From left to right Mark, Hila, the happy couple, Vera, Max, Tola Ejlenberg

In 2005, just before her 80th birthday, Hila fell seriously ill and had to be taken to a hospital. For over a year, my father visited her every day. Sitting at her bedside, telling her stories and bringing her flowers. Hila was no longer able to communicate, but my father was convinced she could see and hear him. I very much admired my father for showing her so much love and loyalty. When the Jewish New Year was approaching, I urged my father to take a break from the daily hospital visits and spend the $holidays\,with\,us\,in\,Amsterdam.\,Just\,before\,departing\,for$ the airport he told $\operatorname{\mathsf{Hila}}$ he was leaving for a few days. The moment his airplane landed in Amsterdam, he got the news that she had died in the meantime. The moment he left, she had let go and died peacefully in her sleep. Together with my father, we flew back the next day for the funeral and then returned to Amsterdam, where my father sat shiva at the Beethovenstraat.

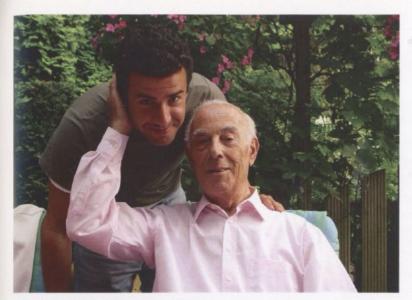


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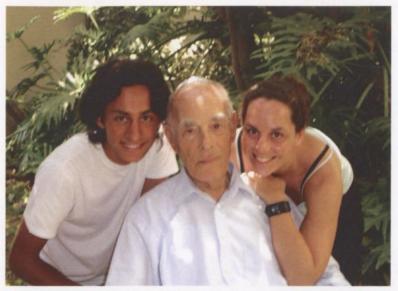
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2002 Max and Sander in the garden on Nederhoven



2007 getting to know Sander's fiancee; Sasha Goldsztein



2007 Yaela and Aryeh visiting Max in Beth Juliana, Herzlya



2007 Eating goose liver in Yaffo

Diemen cemetery

Max took me very often to the Diemen cemetery, showing me the graves of his ancestors and brothers and telling me stories about his family. He always made sure the graves were very well taken care off. After he passed away, I found the key to a safe deposit where some jewelry of grandmother Rosa was stored. It was crucial to him that it would be divided equitably between all the offspring of Rosa without anyone feeling left out. I contacted all the Raber cousins. Together, we decided to sell the jewelry and use the money to buy perpetual maintenance of all the Raber graves at the Diemen cemetery to continue the Raber legacy.



Tombstones of Mordechai Joseph Schander and Chana Schander Gerstner

Diemen was not a place where many Jews lived. In fact, till 1910 the administrator of the Jewish cemetery and his family were the only official jews living there. However, in 1933, when the situation in Germany deteriorated, many refugees from Poland and Germany came to Holland. Many of them ended up in Diemen, like the Raber family. They were not allowed to settle in Amsterdam. The Jewish community officially inaugurated the cemetery in Diemen on May 3, 1914.

My great-grandfather Mordechai Joseph Schander was

2018 tombstones of Rosa Raber Gerstner and Isaac Raber, introducing Max to his great -grandparents

the first of the family to pass away in 1932, shortly after his arrival in Holland. His wife Chana followed him in 1938. At their grave is a special memorial plaque for the Schander family members who were murdered in The Holocaust: Naftalie and Rachel Schander and Jacob and Tempsche Stapler and children. Tempsche was the sister of Rosa Gerstner Schander. Their graves are in the first part of the cemetery on the left.

Mordechai Joseph Schander (1852-1932) - Chana Gerstner (1853-19.8.1938)

My grandfather Izak Raber passed away during the war, on June 15, 1943, and was temporarily buried at the Nieuwe Ooster Begraafplaats as a gentile. Only after

the war could his sons transfer him to Diemen cemetery and give him a proper burial. Grandmother Rosa passed away on July 11, 1966; she was buried next to him. Their graves are in the second part of the cemetery after the Tare building. Izak Raber (3.8.1885 - 15.6.1943) - Rosa Gerstner Schander (5.5.1890 -11.7.1966). After the graves of Izak and Rosa, the path makes a left turn. If you follow the road and at the end take the last track to the right, you come to a new part of the cemetery where one can find the graves of the next generation of Rabers.

No new burials are taking place on the cemetery any longer, only relatives of those who are buried there.



2018 Max jr standing next to the grave of his grandfather Max, after whom he is named. Max said something very beautiful while standing there: "Now the soul of opa Max will be with me forever"

Sam Raber 10.8.1913 - 26.3.1980
Ellen Ruth Raber Levy 19.11.1926 - 9.10.2011
Ellen's mother Erna "Omika" Esther Haendler 23.4.1902 - 16.2.1986
Dolf Raber 25.12.1914 - 22.6.1983
Max Raber 17.12.1920 - 19.12.2007
Salla Raber Radziner 4.7.1919 - 7.8.1989
Michael Raber 8.3.1919 - 24.5.2007
Esther Raber 13.12.1957 - 9.7.2016
Herman Raber 3.1.1923 - 31.3.2015
Bertha Raber Keizer 21.9.1935 - 2.5.2012
Ester Lea Wisznitzer 10.8.1885 - 26.11.1972



The tombstones of Michael, Herman and Bertie Raber, in the back on the talud the tombstone of Esther Raber



The tombstone of Dolf Raber



The tombstone of Sam Raber, picture was taken in 2002 when Ellen was still alive

Epilogue

Salla, my dear mother

Salla was sincere, modest, honest, optimistic, a fantastic listener with great respect for the thoughts and feelings of others. She was the best mother I could wish for.

She was energetic, always thinking of fun things to do and explore. Once she made a plan in her head to organize something, she would make sure it was carried out to perfection.

She was an emotional person and tears would come quickly at many occasions, being a sad movie, a farewell or moments of pride and joy. Her hospitality was famous with friends and family all over the world; whoever came to visit, was welcomed very warmly and given lots of attention.

Salla was an elegant and good looking woman, who paid a lot of attention to her appearance. She loved fashion and had wanted to become a fashion designer. She would always dress carefully every morning and wouldn't dream of leaving the house without having her hair done and had put on makeup. Her hairdresser Jacques, whom she visited weekly at his salon on the corner Beethovenstraat and Stadionkade, had the responsibility of turning her curls into a straight hairstyle.

There were no boundaries to the love for her grandchildren. For them, she had all the patience in the world, whether it was reading stories, singing songs, playing games, finding them specific toys or cooking

their favorite food. She loved children and would always play and hug them and pinch their cheeks.

My mother and I had a great bond. We could honestly discuss any subject, we could giggle together for hours, one glance, and we would immediately understand each other. After I got married, I called her every day. When we lived in Hong Kong this was not possible, mobile phones didn't exist yet, and you could talk by collect call only. In those years we wrote to each other every week, long letters of many pages. I still have that correspondence, something nowadays with WhatsApp and other media would not be possible. Till the very last day she died, we were very close, and I still miss her.

Sadly she couldn't be present at the weddings of her grandchildren. She never got to know her greatgrandchildren, but I am sure she is looking from above and that her spirit is with us.









Max, my dear father

Max had a wonderful sense of humor and was extremely generous.

He was a man of his word and expected others to be truthful to their promises as well.

He had excellent taste and loved beautiful objects, clothes, and cars. BMW was his favorite brand of car. When he lived partly in Tel Aviv, and partly in Amsterdam, he would ship his BMW back and forth in order not to be without his trusted companion!! His last BMW is still alive, and when we are in Amsterdam, we always use it. He spoiled his family with love and lavish gifts and would go to enormous lengths to make their dreams come true. For the Shabbat meal on Friday, he would always come with the most beautiful bouquets, a real treat.

Max always dressed like a gentleman, a real charmer, always polite, and would avoid arguments at any cost.

His religion was essential to him. He was traditional and ate kosher, would walk to synagogue every Shabbat and not drive; he prayed Shacharith every morning and put his Tefilin on.

He could be very tenacious in pursuing institutions to claim the family's pre-war property rights and giving up was not his style.

Max had many magnificent German expressions which he used all the time, such as: "es geht schon wieder los / den Kopf zerbrechen / wenn meine Grossmütter

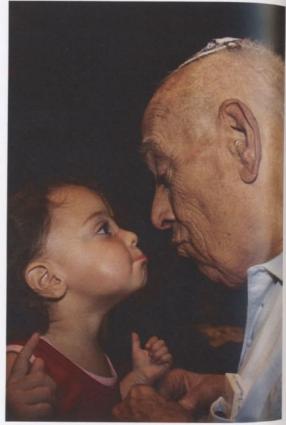
Räder hatte, wäre sie ein Autobus / mir ist die Spucke weggeblieben / Quatsch / a nachtiger tug/ spielt keine Rolle / der Ton macht die Musik / was sich liebt, das neckt sich / rausgeschmissenes Geld / ich habe die Nase voll / er singt wie ein zerbrochener Topf / beschissen / der Teufel soll ihm holen / Dreck mit Leber / da bin ich überfragt / Zum kotzen / Ausgeputzt / Schweinestall / Unbeta'amt / and although he didn't speak a word of Polish: psia krew cholera always worked when he was really upset!

Max was a wonderful, caring father, he spoiled me in many ways, and I don't think he ever got angry at me. His loyalty to his family had no boundaries.

It was terrific that he could be present at the weddings of two of his grandchildren; Naomi with Daniel and Yaela with Ofir. He was so proud of them and beaming from ear to ear.

His first great-grandchild, Yasmin, was born on Rosh Hashanah, and he was with us in Amsterdam at the time. Together we waited up all night until she was born and then went to the hospital, where he held her in his arms, only a few hours after her birth. He had a great bond with Yasmin, although they lived far away.

It is a real pity that none of the other great-grandchildren had the privilege to get to know him. His great-grandson Max Ejlenberg was named after him, and proudly carries his name.



2007 Max and his great-granddaughter Yasmin had a great bond



1993 Max and Vera



When I would get up in the morning, this is how I would find my father in the living room, praying shacharith and putting on tefilin, every day

Inspiration for generations

I feel genuinely privileged to have so many beautiful people around me, who loved and admired my parents. My parents were exceptional people who touched the hearts of many people who came on their paths. They both had big hearts and had a lot to give.

Hopefully, their life story will give inspiration to our children, grandchildren, and their offspring to be caring, ambitious, generous, reliable, loyal, and good people. It will show them that being part of our family means you are part of something beautiful. It means you will love and be loved and supported for the rest of your life, no matter what!

I found this powerful quote, stated at the beginning of this book. "There are two gifts parents give to their children, one is roots, and the other is wings."

The legacy the Raber and Radzyner families leave behind is monumental. The roots are deep and strong and can withstand any storm. Yet, if there is any damage, it can be rebuilt and made even better and stronger.

With their wings, the next generation chooses how to fly and where to fly. However, there is always a basic flight plan to return to.



1982 Max and Salla

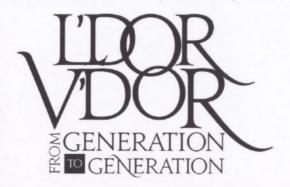












Our granddaughter Yasmin had to write an essay about the meaning of L'dor V'dor. She came up with the story of the recipe of her great-grandmother's Salla apple cake. (the original recipe is above) Salla passed on this recipe to me and I am passing it on to our grandchildren. What a great example!









Remember

Radzyner families

Our great-grandparents, grandparents, their children and grandchildren, who perished, by starvation, murder or gassing in Chelmno, Auschwitz and Ghetto Lodz during the Shoa,

May their souls be bound in the bond of eternal life

ת'נ'צ'ב'ה'

Fiszel Kon (b. 1872) in Lodz, Poland. his wife Itta Getstajn (b. December 14, 1877) in Lodz, Poland Grandparents of Salla Radziner, both murdered in Chelmno in 1942

Izak Radzyner (b. July 22, 1898) in Lodz, Poland, murdered in Auschwitz in 1944
his wife Fajga Rojza Kon (b. April 16, 1896) in Lodz, Poland, murdered in Chelmo in 1942
Parents of Salla Radziner
second wife of Izak; Esther Hes (b. November 13, 1900) in Amsterdam, Netherlands,
murdered in Auschwitz in 1944
Parents of Alex Radziner

The following children of Nathan Nusen Fiszel Radzyner and their respective families have no place of burial:

Sura Radzyner (b. March 10, 1886) in Lodz, Poland
David Ber Dov Radzyner (b. July 29, 1889) in Mszczonow, Poland
Majlech Radzyner (b. July 4, 1892) in Mszczonow, Poland
Netanel Sana Radzyner (b. July 4, 1892) in Mszczonow, Poland
Perla Radzyner (b. December 8, 1893) in Warsaw, Poland
Chana Chanze Radzyner (b. September 22, 1895) in Lodz Poland
Malka Radzyner (b. May 27, 1899) in Lodz, Poland
Mariem Radzyner (b. Mat 15, 1900) in Lodz, Poland
second wife of Nathan Nusen Fishel, Ruchla Albersztajn (b. December 23, 1871) in Warsaw, Poland
and their children

Estera Golda Radzyner (b. December 25, 1904) in Lodz, Poland Chaim Radzyner (b. June 15, 1907) in Lodz Poland Jakob Radzyner (b. June 1911) in Lodz, Poland Szajndla Mirla Radzyner (b. November 1912) in Lodz, Poland Jochweta Radzyner (b. August 1914) in Lodz, Poland

Salla and Alex Radziner, grandchildren of Nathan Nusen Fiszel, were the only survivors of this large family branch

F. RADZINER

Poladniowa 20. Poladnio אשטן בערטים אבררם האדינער אברלם דיאל נרטואם אברם מיארן DINIA MINESTIL CERCOLO STENDO OF IN OF WIS VIED DO AND 1/20 1 minorisa wi 4 har segrept of when is part & black of though & use a comment דוד עם וולספיטאין חים אליטר משטיל חים קוב ראשבעינ חיום מינות מומניונים בטיאסמאי הושל יונה שיום בילאער A Still selled Island of well will be selled with a selled with the selled win יעקב כאור קדינה יעוב ניחוח איכאל ביכמו who the year of the or this is and will the will the 1902 TO TO ירכל הפלינולפוסק - North Mills ב פאר האוייבויאובק שבי חבש מענייל וואינאן 11/18 5 1/11 a service whee from term appeal and appear and where of M מעות העיבנעה. for des year one offer now get it has sens are for over a melot glad it was to yet to see yet were to we some give in the at apparent to him pol 16 pl / Show at hap you was fore you per were the hogger where had a yelf our test song from the fifth of many see at cet me not make is it diget got wall the powdige ages sit open be some all diff a new word all to servall for his all best find The comment of the was the my man of they pay month pill print pietro will pe with good til I we on TOPANS. 4/18 APPLE SAS 25. 7/14 DE 10 10 00 30 /152 21 to the protect and prot is one pass with for the main a word he pursue and was companies seems ofthe us a remark way by is no asse It she too it just dight for of see him space good his what fit of gape well the for rafe ours of en is who be plan on to you four worker po noty for po the get dears not welch 2 yes want he got neces for the great yes him all liber are up I good ess ported it necesses are all to myle allera all la 1 22 1 / 1/2 Beine of Ago Parking in private mater 1200, my galation per 30 seeks cos art was ay the mages to 2 anded as get to jet was high mages alkely again a follow to systems was age plant at at his how col que and any O col Dura gra tal in the la sine experient lane up to todo so will be in this marge from the desperator of who person of while any who was well is the consider the self to monto regardly extends por dod since fo so oper con 3 diff of the portest 1) A) () phipping related of the property of the participation of the good polypower with the wellen never to 105011 112016 161AC De mant my to me oper to his to you he are no there is not the steel texperistry or on us with state saven of of which referred the What Parter ON 6. ANTEZ FRANZ 12/1 & broad pelya MAT Par 11-2120 as feet to to to to to the same and see the second place of the see the see the see to the see the se (1) 2 bight 19 of service weeks were the off of the service of the service with the service of the use gings for is when agod side the organ agree as it is the proposed in section of the section of the section of the section of the section of from Codale hour The first was the feet to the first of the court of the c 52 116 (51) 16 3 of a Seleman and the selection of the s agely is habited the the transport of the grant of and the streets Es per allen got port mer to all are to made appropriate was below one por and who the sing forther graded sever to process age to me when when Range of the the try of major welf par 600 mile of 4 The was for a hearest stee of it and it wine offe al in stiff in happen was not get bijetheres get nines aller nee just allet The state of the s way the west will due an act mere his new for your of proporty origin of the same of the the the same of the same of the sail free if sayer bill get wife a ful me toll metall bill day open as

Credits

Graphic design by Studio Vered Navon, Tel Aviv Jaffa Cover design by Sander Ejlenberg, Amsterdam, The Netherlands Font type: Ivar Display Printing House: Mivzak Offset, Tel Aviv Jaffa

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019911010 ISBN: 978-1-7333710-0-1

Published in : Chicago and Lodz

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My mother, Salla Radziner, told me little about her horrifying time in the camps during World War II. A particular story stands out: one day at the concentration camp Reichenbach she was looking through a pile of used clothing and shoes and found in the middle of all these rags a beautiful red jacket. While putting on this red jacket, all the sorrow and pain fell away, and for a brief magical moment, she felt normal again.

My mother was a very optimistic and warm person, always able to make a "party" of the small things in life. It is a precious gift she has given me, which hopefully I was able to pass on to my children and for them to pass on to the next generation. To live in the moment, value the small things in life and have a positive outlook. It is my pleasure to pass on Salla's legacy to the next generations.

The Red Jacket tells the life story of Salla Radziner and Max Raber and traces the origins of both families.

